MEMOIRES OF THE COURT of *FRANCE*.

Relating to the

Amours of the Duke of Maine,

AND THE

Marriages of the other Illegitimate Children of the *French* King with the Princes and Princeſſes of the Blood.

Written in French

By Madam *DAUNOIS*, the Famous Author of the Letters of Travels into *Spain*;

AND

Done into Engliſh by Mr. *A. B.*

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THE Translator's PREFACE.

THE Lady who is the Author of theſe Memoires, has gain'd ſo univerſal a Reputation, that there's little occaſion to ſay any thing in her Favour: Yet to recommend Her the more to the Eſteem of the Engliſh World, I ſhall obſerve, that ſhe is not tainted with the common Vice of French Writers, Flattery; but ſpeaks now with as much liberty of the Court of France, as ſhe has formerly done of that of Spain. Her Stile is ſometimes Hiſtorical, ſometimes fitted to a free and looſe Converſation, and now and then interwoven with a delightful Variety of Verſes and Love-Letters. As for the Tranſlation, if any Hypercritick will take the trouble to compare it with the Original, let him take this Declaration along with him, That I have not ſtudy'd to make a verbal

ſervile Verſion, but have taken the freedom to add and retrench, as occaſion requir'd, to make the Sence run clear in Engliſh, *and at the ſame time to preſerve the Graces of the* French.

If I have committed any Faults, let this additional Account of the Royal Family of France (*as far as 'tis neceſſary for the underſtanding of theſe* Memoirs) *attone for them.*

THE

THE
Royal Family of France.

THe King, *Lewis* XIV.
The Dauphin, the King's Son.
The Dauphineſs, the Dauphin's Wife, (*now dead.*)
The Duke of *Burgundy*, } The Dauphin's
The Duke of *Anjou*, } Sons.
The Duke of *Berry*, }

Monſieur, *or* The Duke of *Orleans*, the King's Brother.
Madam, *or* The Dutcheſs of *Orleans*; Monſieur's Wife.
The Duke of *Chartres*, Monſieur's Son.
Madamoiſelle, *or* Mademoiſelle *de Chartres*, Monſieur's Daughter.

The Old Prince of *Condé*, the King's Couſin-German, (*now dead.*)

The

The Duke of *Anguien*, (now Prince of *Condé*,) the Old Prince of *Condé*'s Son.

The Duke of *Bourbon* his Son, now Duke of *Anguien*.

Mademoiſelle *de Condé*, Daughter to the Duke of *Anguien*.

Mademoiſelle *de Bourbon*, her Siſter.

The Prince of *Conti*, the Old Prince of *Condé*'s Nephew, (*now dead.*)

The Prince of *Roche-ſur-yon*, the Prince of *Conti*'s Brother, (now Prince of *Conti*,) who at this preſent time ſtands fair for the Crown of *Poland*.

The Duke of *Vendoſme*, the King's baſe Couſin-German.

Madam *la Valiere*, one of the King's Miſtreſſes.

Mademoiſelle *de Vermandois*, Daughter to *la Valiere and the King*.

The Duke of *Vermandois* her Brother, (*now dead.*)

Madam *Monteſpan*, one of the King's Miſtreſſes.

The Duke of *Maine*,
Count *Verin*, (*now dead*)
Count *Tholouſe*,
} Sons to the King and Madam *Monteſpan*.

Made-

Mademoiſelle *de Tours*, Daughter to the King and Madam *de Monteſpan.*

Madam *de Nantes*, her Siſter.

Madam *Maintenon*, the preſent Favourite-Miſtreſs to the King.

ERRATA.

Pag. 1. and elſewhere, for *Madamoiſelle*, read *Mademoiſelle*. p. 4. l. 27. Would you not tell, *r.* Would you tell. p. 10. l. 10. Laughing, *r.* Languiſhing. p. 15. l. 1. pitying, *r.* pining.

MEMOIRES
OF THE
Court of France, &c.

HIS Highneſs the Duke of *Maine*, as all the World knows, is natural Son to *Lewis* the XIV. It is no wonder then to ſee his Heart capable of the tendereſt and ſofteſt Impreſſions, being the Off-ſpring of a Monarch, who has made and makes ſtill the Fair Sex his chiefeſt Delight. Madam *Monteſpan*, Mother to the Duke being one Day with the King, told him, Sir, if your Majeſty would be pleas'd to match my Sons and Daughters with Princes and Princeſſes of the Blood, I ſhould eternally be thankful for the Kindneſs. Madam, anſwer'd the King, I would willingly give you that ſatisfaction, but the Prince of *Conde* my Couſin did not ſeem very well pleas'd when I propos'd a Match between the Duke of *Maine* and *Madamoiſelle de Conde* his Grand-Daughter. No doubt, re-

ply'd that Lady, with a haughty Tone, he will rather chuſe to beſtow her upon the Prince of *Roche-ſur-yon*, who is more able to make her Fortune. Madam, I can ſay nothing to that, anſwer'd the King coldly: But if you deſire it, I'll ſpeak to him again about it, and endeavour to marry the Duke of *Anguien* his Grand-ſon to *Madamoiſelle de Tours* your eldeſt Daughter. As for *Madamoiſelle de Nantes* her younger Siſter, I deſign her for my Nephew the Duke of *Chartres*. Lord! Sir, cry'd Madam *Monteſpan*, your Majeſty don't conſider what a noiſe this will make; for the Duke of *Orleans* will never ſuffer the Duke of *Chartres* to marry my Daughter. Madam, ſaid the King, raiſing a little his Voice, leave that to me: 'Tis not for nothing that I wear a Crown; and would not you be ſurpriz'd, if I ſhould tell you that the Duke of *Maine* is already in Love with *Madamoiſelle de Chartres*, and that this Princeſs likes him ſo far as to make the World think that ſhe would not be diſpleaſed to have him for a Husband? That were ſurprizing indeed, anſwer'd ſhe: How! could *Madamoiſelle*'s high Spirit deſcend ſo low as the Duke of *Maine*. No, I cannot believe it. Beſides the Dutcheſs of *Orleans* cannot endure him. Madam, ſaid the King, there have been greater Miracles before now: Love by a ſecret and unknown Power unites all things. Sir, reply'd Madam *Monteſpan*, I am well enough pleas'd with that flattering Fancy; but what ſhall

ſhall we do with Count *Vexin*? Your Majeſty loves him; he is the youngeſt of my Children, and, in my Opinion, the moſt deſerving. That's but your Fancy, ſaid that Monarch with a Smile: The Duke of *Maine* has a great deal more Fire and Sprightlineſs than his younger Brother. But, Sir, reply'd Madam *Monteſpan*, Count *Vexin*'s pretty little Ways are ſo wonderfully pleaſing and endearing——Yes, ſaid the King, becauſe you are more fond of him than all the reſt: But let me tell you, Matrimony is not fit for him, and therefore we muſt conſecrate him to the Church. I'll not be againſt it, reply'd ſhe, if he likes the Propoſal: But he ſeems to have as great a Paſſion for Women as his Brother, who is a downright little *Vulcan*. Why, truly, Madam, anſwer'd that Prince, ſmiling, Do you think that becauſe a Man marries the Church he muſt therefore renounce Women? I thought you knew better things: A black Coat hides a great many Myſteries of Love, that would make a ſtrange noiſe in the World, without ſuch a Cloak.——

Theſe Words were ſcarce out of the King's Mouth, when the old Prince of *Conde* came in; and after he had entertain'd the King, according to his Deſire, Madam *Monteſpan* took an opportunity to expoſtulate with him the Contempt he had for her Son. Never was Prince ſo ſurpriz'd; but however he thought fit to diſſemble his Uneaſineſs. Ma-

dam, ſaid he, I am ſo far from having any ſuch Thoughts, that I could wiſh the Duke of *Auguien* had Deſert enough to merit one of your Ladyſhip's Daughters, who, in my Opinion, are both perfect Beauties. Madam *Monteſpan* held her peace, and look'd upon the King, who ſaid with a Smile, I ſhall make it my buſineſs to keep the Royal Family quiet: Soon after, the Converſation ended, and Company ſeparated.

Whilſt others were induſtrious in ſpeaking in the Duke of *Maine*'s Favour, he was buſie in improving all Opportunities to give Proofs of his Paſſion to *Madamoiſelle de Chartres*, who was inclined to receive them kindly when ſhe could do it without being obſerved. One day he had the good Fortune to find her alone in her Cloſet; and as he entertain'd her with the Force and Extent of his Love, Prince, reply'd *Madamoiſelle* with a languiſhing Air, What would you have me do for you? What I would have you do for me, anſwer'd the Duke with a paſſionate Eagerneſs? I would have you love me illuſtrious Princeſs, if I can ever be ſo fortunate as to pleaſe you. Alas! cry'd ſhe with a bluſh, how unkind and cruel you are! Why would you not tell me you had a Deſign upon my Heart? The Prince perceiving ſhe ſpoke with ſo much Sweetneſs and good Nature, caſt himſelf at her Feet, and told her, tranſported with Love, Divine Creature, if my Fate could ever be ſo happy as to—— here he ſtop'd, being interupted by *Maurit-*

tia,

tia, one of the Princeſs's Maids, She being a Perſon of an eaſie Temper, and one that the Princeſs entruſted with all her Secrets, the Duke purſu'd his paſſionate Converſation. The ſame Day the Duke of *Orleans* made a ſplendid Ball in the Royal Palace, where the Duke of *Maine* appear'd in a very agreeable Diſguiſe, that he might the better entertain *Madamoiſelle* with all the ſweet endearing Expreſſions that his Love could ſuggeſt to him. He was taken notice of by the Duke of *Orleans*, who told the King of it; but he made as if he did not hear him. The Ball being over, the Duke of *Maine* withdrew to his Apartment, more deeply in Love than ever, and abandon'd himſelf to all the Torments and Pleaſures of his new-born Paſſion. His Mind was ſtill floating and toſs'd betwixt Hope and Fear, and diſtracted by two violent Paſſions. He debated within himſelf what courſe he had beſt to take to compaſs his grand Deſign of marrying *Madamoiſelle de Chartres*, in which he met with many Obſtacles and Difficulties. He often conſulted with his Mother, who aſſur'd him that ſhe never miſs'd any Opportunity to ſpeak to the King about it; adding with Sorrow, that her Influence upon that Monarch was not ſo prevailing as before. Nothing, Dear Son, cry'd ſhe with a Sigh, nothing is conſtant in this World, and the kindeſt Prince that is, cannot always love the ſame Object. But yet, Madam, anſwer'd that young Prince,

Conſtancy ought to be inſeparable from a great Mind, ſince there can be no true Felicity without it. That's true, Dear Child, reply'd Madam *Monteſpan*; but Kings have their real Failings as well as the reſt of Mortals; and our great Monarch, tho' in all other reſpects accompliſh'd, has ſtill the Frailty of being changeable in Love. He is infinitely pleas'd with variety; of which Madam *la Valiere* made me but too ſenſible before ſhe turn'd Nun. Beſides, I am afraid my Enemies whiſper in the King's Ear what ſome Court-Flatterers told formerly one of the Kings of *Perſia*, who was conſtant to one of his Miſtreſſes meerly upon the ſcore of good Manners and Conſcience, That it was below his Grandeur to mind whether what he did was decent or undecent, juſt or unjuſt, ſince his Pleaſure ought to be the only Rule and Standard of Decency and Juſtice. This, Madam, reply'd the Duke of *Maine*, is the common way of pleaſing Princes: Every thing muſt yield to their Deſires; ſurrounded as they are by a Crowd of Flatterers, they can never know themſelves: Their Failings are artfully painted and varniſh'd; their Actions heightened and advanc'd by falſe Lights and Glitterings; and their ſmaller Vertues canonized: I know a World of pernicious Courtiers, who never approach the Throne, but they poiſon it with their intoxicating Tongues, moſt fatal to the Mind of a well-born Monarch. Flattery, ſaid Madam

Monteſpan

Monteſpan, does not ſtop at the Throne, but diffuſes and ſpreads it ſelf through all the Branches of the Court. You know the Dutcheſs of ——— She has daily a Crowd of Admirers at her Feet; who do but play the Fool with her, and perſuade her that ſhe can contend for Beauty with the Angels: That her Merit is infinite, and capable of enchanting the whole World; and with ſuch like Fooleries they fill her Mind with pleaſing chimerical Fancies: But let the good Lady have as many Admirers as ſhe pleaſes, all their fine Speeches and flattering Nonſence will never conceal her Homelineſs, and Vulgar Carriage. The Duke was a going to ſay ſome pleaſing thing or other upon the Picture his Mother had made of the Dutcheſs; but was interrupted by the Abbot *Morcau*, who came to viſit Madam *Monteſpan*, and to give her an Account of a Commiſſion ſhe had given him, that did not much become the Gravity of his Character.

The Duke of *Maine* taking this opportunity to leave his Mother, went to the Wood of *Boulogne* to entertain his enamour'd Fancy with the Charms and Graces of his Miſtreſs. Sitting on a little riſing ground which he found very convenient, he revolv'd in his Mind all that a great Mind can think of to carry on the Scheme of his Deſign. Some time after he went into the thickeſt part of the Wood, and wrote in his Table-Book the Copy of a Letter, which he afterwards ſent

to *Madamoiſelle*; which contained theſe Words:

I Find at laſt, Incomparable Princeſs, that of all the Torments in Nature, none is ſo quick and violent as that of Love. 'Tis a Pain that gnaws and preys upon our very Souls. And if you do not compaſſionate my Condition, I muſt ſoon die at your Feet the cruelleſt Death imaginable. My Sufferings are not to be expreſt: And generally great Beauties like your ſelf do but laugh at the Pains which themſelves cauſe. But as this is a moſt inhumane and unnatural Cruelty, ſo you muſt have a Care, moſt lovely and beautiful Perſon, not to provoke the Wrath of the Sovereign of all Hearts, who ſooner or later puniſhes thoſe that are inſenſible. I know you ſtick at ſome Conſiderations; but, alas, Love excludes Conſideration, as Conſideration excludes Love. You are not unacquainted with this Philoſophy, ſince there never was a more diſcerning and penetrating Princeſs than your ſelf.

Upon the reading of this Letter, *Madamoiſelle* could not forbear Laughing at the witty inſinuating way of the Duke, to engage her to Love. He gives himſelf a needleſs trouble, (cry'd ſhe with a Sigh) to perſwade me to Love him: Alas! I find I Love him too much already: But I am afraid my Inclinations muſt be contradicted, and that I am deſtin'd for ſome greater Perſon than the Duke of *Maine*. *Madame*, (who over-heard her

her pronounce that Name) came on a ſudden into *Madamoiſelle*'s Chamber, and ſaid to her, Princeſs, What's the meaning of this? I perceive the Duke of *Maine* has made a ſtrong Impreſſion on your Heart, which ought to be the Price of ſomething above the Son of an Unfaithful Woman. In *Germany* and ſeveral other Countries, they look upon ſuch Perſons with utmoſt Contempt, and had rather Match with a common Gentleman, than with a Prince baſely Born. *Madamoiſelle* made no anſwer to her Mothers Advices, but only fetch'd ſome Sighs, which convinc'd *Madame*, that ſhe had a great Tenderneſs for the Duke. Nay, then 'tis plain you Love him, ſaid ſhe, with a ſevere Tone; but who is it that has rais'd ſo injurious a Paſſion in your Breaſt? And how can a Princeſs like your ſelf, thus poorly ſtint her Deſires, when ſhe can have her Choice of many Illuſtrious Princes. In ſhort, aſſure your ſelf, I'll never conſent to ſuch Baſeneſs, ſaid the Dutcheſs of *Orleans*, leaving *Madamoiſelle* in the deepeſt concern for the contempt ſhe expreſs'd for her Lover. This young Princeſs was irreſolute and perplex'd, when *Mauritia* came in, to whom ſhe unboſom'd all her Sorrows. This Maid, though of a ſoft and eaſie Temper, as I ſaid before, had ſtill a great deal of Judgment and Diſcretion, and was not wanting in giving good Advice to *Madamoiſelle* upon this Occaſion. The Princeſs having heard her out with great attention, told her,

her, Alas! my Dear, if you knew what ſtrange Motions I have to ſtruggle with, you would pity me! Madam, reply'd *Mauritia*, how is it poſſible that a Perſon that has ſo much ſtrength of Mind, as your Royal Highneſs, ſhould be thus hurried and tranſported by her Paſſions? Do but reſiſt their firſt Impreſſions, and be ſure of Victory. You do not ſpeak as if you felt what you ſay, Deareſt *Mauritia*, reply'd *Madamoiſelle* with a laughing Air, perhaps you never Lov'd in your Life, or if you did, 'twas ſo faintly, that you can ſcarce diſtinguiſh betwixt Indifference and Love. I confeſs Madam, ſaid *Mauritia*, that when a Woman loves in good earneſt, 'tis a hard matter for her to command her ſelf. But however we muſt be rul'd by Reaſon; and your Highneſs is ſenſible, that the Duke of *Orleans* your Father, will never ſuffer you to Marry the Duke of *Maine*, were he the moſt perfect and Accompliſh'd Perſon in the World. Barbarous Duty, cry'd *Madamoiſelle*, cruel Reaſon! you do but rack and torture a Heart that calls for your Aſſiſtance. Why, ſaid ſhe (looking upon a Nightingale ſhe had in her Chamber) why cannot we live like thoſe innocent Creatures, who follow the inclinations of Nature, without vexatious Fears.

Madamoiſelle left her Confident, and went to walk alone in a Solitary Place. The Duke of *Maine*, who burn'd with Impatience to know the Effects of his Letter, and being inform'd

inform'd where ſhe was, met her there in ſome few Moments. *Madamoiſelle* was a little ſurpriz'd at the ſight of him, and changing Colour, told him, Duke, you come in very good time to divert me from a Thought which was like to carry me very far. May a Man be ſo bold, (reply'd the Prince) as to ask you the Subject of that Thought, which undoubtedly was a pleaſing one. Prince, (anſwer'd *Madamoiſelle*, with a little Concern and Diſorder) you had the greateſt ſhare in it. Is it poſſible, Madam! cry'd the Duke, tranſported with Love; is it poſſible, Divine Creature, that my good Fortune can be ſo great? Perhaps, ſaid *Madamoiſelle* with a Smile, you did not expect to hear News that flatters all Hearts; you men love to pleaſe — No queſtion, Madam, ſaid the Prince, eſpecially ſo Illuſtrious a Princeſs, who is the Admiration of the Univerſe, and the Delight of the Court. Do not rally your Friends, reply'd *Madamoiſelle*, giving him her Hand, which the Duke kept cloſe to his Lips, for a quarter of an Hour, without ſpeaking one word. What means this Silence, ſaid *Madamoiſelle*, Laughing, has ſome ſecret Charm robb'd you of your Speech? Yes, incomparable Princeſs, I am no more my ſelf, cry'd the Duke, graſping *Madamoiſelle*'s Knees, my Fortune is ſo great and uncommon, that I cannot but be amaz'd at it. Your good Fortune is not yet compleat, ſaid ſhe with Sorrow: If I was at my own Diſpoſal, I would

would ſoon reſolve upon the Choice I am to take; But you know I depend upon the tyrannizing Authority of a Father. Alas, Madam, ſaid the Prince, (making ſome ſteps backwards) why did not you leave me in this pleaſing Error? And why would you acquaint me with my Misfortune? My Heart did already flatter me with the hopes that you only depended on your ſelf, and that I was to be one day the happieſt Man alive. He could not make an end of theſe Words, without falling at *Madamoiſelle*'s Feet, who had much ado to recover him out of his Surprize. You grow Pale and Faint, Prince, ſaid *Madamoiſelle*, (perceiving that he began to come to himſelf) You want Courage where there is moſt occaſion: Are Words able to ſhake your Conſtancy thus? 'Tis with a bleeding Heart that I tell you this News, no leſs fatal to my quiet, than your own: But aſſure your ſelf, that what I do now, or ſhall be oblig'd to do hereafter, will be much againſt my inclination.

The Duke of *Maine* ſtood Speechleſs all this while, and left *Madamoiſelle*, becauſe he ſaw the Duke of *Orleans* making towards them, whom he knew would not have been very well pleaſed to find him with his Daughter in ſo retired a place. The Duke of *Orleans*, who is very ſuſpicious and diſtruſtful, got upon a riſing-Ground, to ſee whether he could deſcry any Body going down from the Caſtle; and having perceived the Coach of the

the Duke of *Maine*, he gave *Madamoiſelle* very ſharp and biting touches upon that Subject, to which *Madamoiſelle* made no return, but expreſs'd a great deal of Diſcretion and Modeſty. Afterwards leaving his Royal Highneſs to his own Thoughts, ſhe withdrew to her Cloſet, to reflect on her preſent condition. *Monſieur*, who is Jealous even to Fury, in whatever concerns him, finding that his Daughter was gone from him, flew into ſuch a Rage as cannot be expreſs'd: He enquir'd of his Men, where ſhe was, and went preſently to her, and affecting a compoſed Countenance, told her, 'tis againſt my Will Daughter, that you entertain the Duke of *Maine*; your Mother is extreamly diſpleaſed with it; you muſt expect to find her Reſentments break out before it be long. But how can you Love a Perſon who upon many accounts, can bring nothing but Diſhonour to the Royal Family. Alas Sir, cry'd *Madamoiſelle*, I perceive a thouſand violent thoughts in your Mind to Ruin me. And I, reply'd *Monſieur*, ſee you'll never be ſatisfied till you are in the Duke's Embraces, but you will ſoon repent it. I do nothing that I ought to be Aſham'd of, anſwer'd *Madamoiſelle*, if I have a ſmall Eſteem for the Duke of *Maine*, I think he does deſerve it, and your Highneſs cannot blame me for it. 'Tis true, I have juſt now been with him in the Arbour, but 'twas innocentiy done on my ſide, for I never thought he would have come

to

to me there. We always ſeek the Company of thoſe that love us, reply'd *Monſieur* with a ſharp Tone; and if the Duke of *Maine* was not ſure of the Conqueſt of your Heart, he would not be ſo eager to find you out.

Madamoiſelle perceived well enough what her Father meant by that; and being endow'd with a ſtrange ready Wit, and admirable Addreſs, where are thoſe malicious Tongues, reply'd ſhe with aſſurance, that have inform'd your Highneſs that I Lov'd the Duke of *Maine*, ſo far as to make him run after me? My own Eyes have told me ſo, reply'd he going away, and I want no other Witneſſes. Alas! cry'd the Princeſs, when ſhe found her ſelf alone, I muſt looſe you, dear Duke, and with you I muſt looſe my Repoſe for ever! Here her Tears and Sighs ſtopp'd her Voice; and *Mauritia*, who by this time was come in, ſoon perceived by her Paleneſs, and down-caſt look, the trouble and anguiſh of her mind. Alas! ſaid ſhe, mov'd with pity, in what a deplorable condition do I find your Highneſs! You love, Madam, added ſhe, and that's enough to make you Miſerable. That's the cauſe of my Deſpair, my dear *Mauritia*, anſwer'd *Madamoiſelle*, all the World will talk of my Weakneſſes, my Heart is grown rebellious and unruly, and conſults nothing but its Inclinations: It never was in my power to do otherwiſe than I have done; therefore, my Deareſt, pity my Misfortunes, and conſider my cruel Fate,

Fate, which makes me lead a pitying languishing Life; and will shortly I fear hurry me to my Grave.

Mauritia being gone according to her Mistris's Command, *Madamoiselle* fell into a deep amorous Melancholy, and gratify'd all those Griefs and Uneasinesses, that can be conceived by none but those that have lost the Persons they loved. The Duke of *Chartres* her Brother did somewhat alleviate her Pain by a thousand little Stories he told her of several Court-Ladies that were very busie and industrious in getting Admirers. But, said that Prince Smiling, it signifies little to Conquer us, the difficulty is to keep us when Conquer'd. Most Women fancy, that because they have Charm'd a Man at first, he is presently their Slave for ever; but truly they are mistaken, we do not sell our Liberty at so cheap a rate. No doubt, Brother, said *Madamoiselle*, (disguising her inward Troubles) No doubt, you are one of those uncertain Conquests. I cannot tell, dear Sister, returned he Smiling: The Duke of *Maine* however is more eagerly assaulted than I: Five or six of our First Rate Beauties have this Morning Besieg'd his Heart with a numerous Army of gentle Leers, amorous Glances, and passionate Ogles, which are like to carry it soon upon easie Terms. The Duke of *Maine*'s Heart Besieg'd, reply'd *Madamoiselle*, with an uneasie Concern, and what will this poor Prince do, to get out of this Danger?

Danger? He muſt, reply'd the Duke of *Chartres*, ſend for all the Artillery we have in *Flanders*, to his relief, or elſe he runs great hazard of looſing his Heart. That's an impregnable Fortreſs, Brother, ſaid *Madamoiſelle*, the Duke of *Maine* has hitherto bid defiance to all the moſt conquering and dangerous Ladies, and will he now ſurrender without reſiſtance? No, I cannot believe it; and I know ſomething that perſwades me to the contrary. 'Tis true, return'd maliciouſly the Duke of *Chartres*, that when a Man's Heart is once poſſeſs'd by an inclination, it is a hard matter to make any ſenſible Impreſſions upon it. He loves you, Siſter, and how could he then feel the Darts of others? The Duke of *Maine*, anſwer'd *Madamoiſelle*, is not ſo deeply in Love with me, as you are with his Siſter, every Body talks of the Paſſion you have for her; they ſay you Love, nay, adore her, even to Madneſs. That's a little too much, and I am not ſo far gone, reply'd the Duke of *Chartres*, 'tis true, Siſter added he, *Madamoiſelle de Nantes* is a moſt adorable Creature; for beſides that ſhe is a perfect Beauty, ſhe has a thouſand agreeable, charming and endearing Qualities; ſhe is Miſtreſs of a great deal of Wit and good Nature, a thing rarely found in your Sex, which generally is all made up of Malice. Theſe Compliments, Brother, ſaid *Madamoiſelle*, are not very Engaging; But however, I will acquaint you that you have a Rival no way inferior

to

to you in any thing than can pleaſe a handſom Lady. And who is this dreadful Rival, ſaid the Duke? Cannot one be acquainted with his Name? 'Tis the Prince of *Roche ſur-yon*, anſwer'd *Madamoiſelle*, who has a great Paſſion for her. For Madamoiſelle of *Tours*, the Eldeſt Siſter, you mean, reply'd the Duke of *Chartres*, with a diſdainful Air; for I am ſure the Younger will never love him. Who can anſwer for her Heart, Brother? return'd that Princeſs, ſmiling: A Lady's Faith is a ſmall Aſſurance, when expos'd to a thouſand Temptations: She may indeed ſwear an Eſteem to her Lover; but Oaths that paſs between Lovers, are eaſily given, and as eaſily broken: And how can any body build upon a Paſſion which is born one day, and dies the next, without ſo much as knowing the Principle of its Riſe, or the cauſe of its Fall. *Ariſtes* and *Eugenius*, two Great Philoſophers, diſcourſing one day by the Sea-ſide, about the original of that Paſſion, did define it in few words: *Ariſtes* ſaid to *Eugenius*, That *Love* is an agreeable Conformity that unites our Hearts, and a ſecret Sympathy from which ariſes one of thoſe *je ne ſçay quois*, not to be expreſs'd by words. Certainly, Siſter, reply'd the Duke of *Chartres*, it is a very difficult matter to know the ſecret Tie that faſtens us to the Perſon belov'd: Our Love repreſents her more Beautiful than the Angels, and without any Fault with relation to us, who wou'd be ſorry ſhe ſhou'd be otherwiſe.

Madamoiſelle and the Duke of *Chartres* were thus purſuing this agreeable Converſation, when *Madam* interrupted them, and told *Madamoiſelle* ſhe wanted her Company to viſit the Princeſs of *Conti*. *Madamoiſelle* readily comply'd with her Mother's deſire, and went where-ever the Dutcheſs of *Orleans* was pleas'd to carry her. The next day following was ſpent in Hunting: And the Prince acquainted *Madam* with the Marriage of the Prince of *Roche-ſur-yon*, with *Madamoiſelle de Tours*, Daughter to Madam *Monteſpan*. And what's the meaning of this New Match, ſaid *Madam* to the Prince of *Conti?* The King, you ſee, Madam, return'd he ſmiling, takes care of his Children. It ſeems he does, anſwer'd Madam; but methinks his Majeſty might very well ſpare to Marry Princes of the Blood with ſuch ſort of Perſons: Have not we Marquiſſes, Barons, and Gentlemen enough in *France* to beſtow them upon, without—— Madam, reply'd the Prince, your Highneſs will ſee more than all this, if the King lives: He firſt began with me, when he gave me the Firſt Fruits of his Amours; Madamoiſelle of *Vermandois*, whom I have marry'd, tells me that often enough. Prince, ſaid *Madam*, I make a great deal of difference betwixt the Children of Madam *la Valiere*, and thoſe of Madam *Monteſpan:* We cannot with Juſtice blame the firſt; ſhe was a ſingle Perſon that never lov'd any Man beſide the King; whereas the other is a perjur'd Woman, who has

leſt

left her Husband for a Prince who begins to be weary of her. I Foretold her this juſt Judgment of Heaven, added *Madam*; but ſhe was then ſo great a *Cocquet*, that ſhe made no other anſwer, but that we were born to our ſelves, to enjoy the Pleaſures of Life. A very worldly and ſenſual Anſwer, reply'd the Prince of *Conti*, and which has but little of that Piety which that Lady begins to profeſs. Truly, Prince, ſaid the Dutcheſs, ſhe has a great deal to anſwer for, if Adulteries be criminal. Pſhaw, Madam, reply'd the Prince, ſmiling, Father *Anet*, her Confeſſor has a Secret to abſolve all Sins, and turn them into venial ones. Pray, what's that you call a venial Sin, ſaid Madam, interrupting him? Our Reverend Father the *Jeſuits*, make ſeveral Claſſes of Sins; ſome are Moral, others Philoſophical, and others again Theological: And of all thoſe Sins, Father *Racine* ſays, none can damn a Man but the Theological. Here the reſt of the Company coming up to *Madam*, interrupted their Converſation: But what put this Princeſs out of Humour, was, the ſight of the Duke of *Maine*, who ran with all ſpeed after theſe Illuſtrious Hunters.

As ſoon as this Prince had ſaluted *Madamoiſelle*, he came near *Madam*, who gave him a very indifferent Reception: He was us'd to ſuch Croſſes of Fortune, and ſo was little concern'd at this; beſides, one of *Madamoiſelle*'s Smiles that he got now and then, made him

ſufficient amends for her Mother's Frowns, and made him look extreamly well pleas'd. As they were riding along, *Madamoiſelle* deſired him to hold a little Cane ſhe had in her hand; this Cane, beſides a Knot of Carnation Ribbands, and ſeveral Diamonds, had a fine Emrald with the Prince's Picture (both a Preſent of the Duke's) on which his Highneſs beſtow'd a thouſand Kiſſes, unperceiv'd by all but *Madamoiſelle*, who told him as ſhe alighted from her Horſe, Prince, who did you think upon, when you ſo devoutly kiſs'd the Image you had in your hands about an hour ago? Who could I think upon but your dear ſelf, moſt Beauti'ul Princeſs, anſwer'd the Duke, ſince 'tis your Image I love and venerate more than thoſe of all the Saints in Paradiſe, who perhaps could not have ſo much Power over me as your Highneſs. How can that be, reply'd *Madamoiſelle?* You know I cure no Diſeaſes, but rather cauſe Sufferings, if I may believe you? I confeſs, Madam, reply'd the Duke, with an Air that made *Madamoiſelle* laugh, your Highneſs is more apt to make a wretched Mortal languiſh, than——— He ſaid no more; and *Madamoiſelle*, who ſaw that *Madam* obſerv'd them, took his Silence as a ſign of his Love and Reſpect.

The Company being ſeparated, and retir'd to their reſpective Houſes, the Duke of *Maine* reflected on his ill Fortune, with reſpect to *Monſieur* and *Madam* the Dutcheſs of *Orleans*,

Orleans, who look'd upon him with Contempt. He reſolv'd at laſt to ſpeak to the King about it; but his Majeſty told him, That he was not like ever to compaſs what he aim'd at: That *Monſieur* deſign'd his Daughter for a Monarch; and that he had already ſpoke in his Favour, but could not prevail. But, Sir, reply'd the Duke, I dare flatter my ſelf that the Princeſs does not hate me. I am apt to believe it, ſaid the King; but it is not enough to have her Conſent; you muſt have *Monſieur* and *Madam*'s Good-will too; if you propoſe to be happy: But, Duke, added his Majeſty, be rul'd by me; ſince you have a mind to marry, diſengage your ſelf from *Madamoiſelle de Chartres*, and bend your Thoughts on *Madamoiſelle de Bourbon*, who is a lovely and deſerving Princeſs: For tho' the Prince of *Conde* her Grandfather be not very well pleas'd with the Match, yet I am ſure the Duke of *Anguien* will not be againſt it. Sir, reply'd the Duke of *Maine*, methinks I ſhould like *Madamoiſelle de Condé* the Eldeſt Siſter a great deal better. Marriages are not govern'd by Choice; and do not you ſee, ſaid the King, that ſhe's deſign'd for the Prince of *Roche-ſur-yon*? But, Sir, return'd the Duke, can't one ſerve that Prince's turn? They ſay he has a Deſign upon *Madamoiſelle de Tours* my Siſter, ——————— Yes, reply'd the King; but I believe the other will carry it, and that *Madamoiſelle de Tours*

Tours your Siſter will marry the Duke of *Bourbon.*

All the Reaſons the King did uſe, were not able to divert the Duke's Thoughts from *Madamoiſelle de Condé*, in whom he found a thouſand Accompliſhments; and as ſoon as he had left his Majeſty, he went to pay her a Viſit, overwhelm'd with a deep Melancholy, for being in a manner forc'd to quit *Madamoiſelle*, whom he ſo much eſteem'd and admir'd. After he had been ſome time in this languiſhing Condition, the old Duke of *Condé* died, and his Death freed him from a potent Enemy, becauſe his Highneſs had always had a mortal Hatred for all the Children of Madam *Monteſpan.* The Duke of *Maine* being thus at liberty, and pretty well recover'd of the amorous Torments he felt for *Madamoiſelle de Chartres*, he made for a long time his earneſt and conſtant Addreſſes to *Madamoiſelle de Condé.* But when this lovely Princeſs began to be enamour'd with the Charms of the Duke of *Maine*, ſhe was as it were ſnatch'd away from his Arms, to be given to the Prince of *Roche-ſur-yon.* The Duke is mad at the Diſappointment; he raves, he weeps, pulls of his Hair, grows weary of Life, and ſwears he'll revenge the wrong done him, in his Rival's Blood. The Dauphin hearing of it, acquaints the King with theſe frantick Deſigns, who preſently orders the Duke of *Maine* to be under Arreſt till the mad Fit be over. While he was thus confin'd, he could

not

not enjoy a minute's rest till he had disclos'd his Passion to his Mistress, and assur'd her how unfortunate he was in his absence from her. Here is a faithful Copy of a Letter he sent to her to that purpose.

I Have had all along, most adorable Princess, a thousand secret Surmizes, that I should be never so fortunate as to enjoy you: I now find my Fears are too true, and that you are destin'd for another who does not deserve you so well as my self, if Love can claim the first Title. I am jealous even to Madness; and this Proof of my Love is inseparable from great Passions. Alas! I am still fond of my own Errour, which flatters me that you will still be the same. What would not I have done, if I could have had the liberty to love you for ever! All the World seems combin'd to inform me of my Misfortune; but, alas! I do resent it enough my self; and I need no Informations to be convinc'd that you have perhaps forgotten me, and are just ready to sacrifice me to the cruellest of my Enemies, who will never take the pains to deserve your Heart. This is the only Comfort I have left: And I do assure you, incomparable Princess, that if you can retain some Esteem for the most passionate Lover that ever was, I shall never cease loving you in a manner equal to your Merit. Be your self Judge how far my Love is like to go.

Du Maine.

Madamoiſelle de Condé having receiv'd this Letter, could not forbear to anſwer it as followeth:

PRINCE,

YOU expreſs your Sentiments to me in ſo moving a manner, that I find it impoſſible not to love. But perhaps you ſpeak the ſame to a great many others: Take care of that; for I can never be reconcil'd to a Heart that's divided: I will have it all, or none; and if that which is now deſign'd for me, has ſtill an Inclination for the Blew-ey'd Marchioneſs, I ſwear I will—— You may gueſs at my meaning, and what a Woman can do to revenge her ſelf upon a Husband that allows her but a ſhare in his Heart. I muſt needs confeſs, Dear Duke, that I am Marry'd againſt my Inclinations. The Prince of Roche-ſur-yon *would have done well not to have Courted this Match; but ſince the Court will have it ſo, I muſt at leaſt look pleas'd with it. Adieu, Prince; you know what I have in ſtore for you.*

Henrietta de Condé.

The

The Duke of *Maine* having beſtow'd a thouſand Kiſſes upon this Letter, felt an unexpreſſible Joy in the Hopes his Miſtreſs gave him to love him for ever; which were confirm'd by the ſmall Inclination *Madmoiſelle de Condé* had for the Prince of *Roche ſur-yon*: She will never love him, ſaid he to himſelf; and I ſhall be Maſter of her Heart, if no other Inclination robs me of it. Women are inconſtant, and pleas'd with Variety——— But what do I ſay! Perhaps my Princeſs will be true for ever; at leaſt I will believe her ſo, ſince I cannot live eaſie, without that pleaſing, tho' deceitful Fancy.

The Duke of *Maine* was thus entertaining his amorous Thoughts, when news was brought him that the King releas'd him from his Confinement, which was in one of his Friend's Houſe. This Friend was marry'd to a Lady (whom I beg leave to diſguiſe under the Name of Counteſs *Brigid*) for which the Duke had a fancy; not becauſe ſhe was handſom, but by reaſon of ſome ſecret Charms in her Wit and Converſation, that drown'd the Defects of her Perſon. Therefore when the Duke of *Maine* receiv'd the news of his Freedom, he made anſwer, That he would not ſtir out till he had a mind to it himſelf, ſince he had been confin'd againſt his Will, about a Buſineſs that would have ended without noiſe. The Duke of *Marſillac*, who was charg'd with the King's Orders, return'd his Anſwer to his Majeſty; who left the Duke to do as he

he thought fit. The Counteſs *Brigid*, whom this Prince had entertain'd with his Paſſion, began to be deſperately in Love him; and before he went to his Command in *Flanders*, under the Duke of *Luxemburg*, ſhe granted him the laſt Favours: But in ſo ingaging and endearing a manner, that the Duke has ſince confeſt that he never loved ſo intirely a Woman without Beauty. The ſweet Moments he ſpent in her Company, made him forget all his paſt Misfortunes, except *Mademoiſelle de Condé*, whoſe Image was always preſent to his Mind.

One Day as he was at *Chantilli*, (a Houſe of Pleaſure that formerly belong'd to Madam *Monteſpan* his Mother) muſing upon the Charms of that Princeſs, he receiv'd a Letter handſomly ſeal'd up, which came from his Counteſs with the following Words.

WHen I firſt begun to love my Deareſt, I thought my Paſſion was capable of no Addition; but now I perceive it encreaſes to a ſtupendous and dreadful degree. I know but one thing that can make me happy, and that is, my charming Prince, That you Love me as intirely as I do you. *But how can I flatter my ſelf with thoſe pleaſing hopes, when I have nothing to entitle me to the poſſeſſion a Heart of ſo much Worth as yours is? Nevertheleſs I do not doubt but that you Love me a little, ſince you ſtill wear the Scarfe I made for you with my own Hands: My Heart two has had a ſhare in it; that Heart that made me contrive*

contrive all that I did for you, when the God of Love wounded us both, with ſo ſweet ſo pleaſing a Dart! Oh! What Charms! What Raptures! I cannot forget thoſe happy Moments which I cannot expreſs unleſs I ſee you. Haſte then, my Dear, haſte to renew them before you go to the Army, where my Heart will attend you as a Volunteer, *I expect with impatience to ſee you to Night at the bottom of the Terraſs: Do not make me Languiſh after a thing that coſts you ſo little.*

The Duke of *Maine*, who was then in Company, could not forbear Laughing at the laſt Words of the Counteſs's Letter, which were a Riddle to every Body but him, and her that wrote them. He admir'd the Witty Turns of that Lady, and the tender Expreſſions of her Love to him; and therefore did not fail to meet her at the appointed Hour. The fine Moon-ſhine invited the impatient Counteſs to get upon a riſing ground to look for her dear Lover, who ſoon after agreeably ſurpriz'd her, and told her: *Madam, I am ſo poſſeſt with the Paſſion you have rais'd in me, that had I not ſeen you this Night, I would certainly have expir'd. Then you Love me much,* (ſaid the Counteſs, embracing him:) *Now indeed I am the moſt fortunate Woman under the Heavens; let's make the moſt of your Preſence, and my Husband's Abſence.* The Duke Regal'd the Counteſs with his agreeable Converſation, and a great deal of playing and toying no leſs pleaſing: After that he went his way, as all your

your Fortunate Lovers do; that is, a little in haſte, and as they ſay at *Paris*, *à la Maſarine*.

Some few Weeks after, the Duke being in the Field, receiv'd the News of *Mademoiſelle de Condé*'s Marriage, which threw him into ſo deep a Melancholy, that none of his Friends could gueſs at the Cauſe of his Concern. He ſoon after fell ſick of a Tertian Ague, which he uſed to call an Amorous one. His Phyſician perceiving that he was againſt all manner of Phyſick, adminiſtred to him of a very handſome Girl for his Cure.

The Duke of *Maine* who knew the thing, was ſecret, made the beſt of this Preſcription during the Campaign, and rewarded well his Phyſician for his Remedy, which had reſtor'd him to his perfect Health. This Phyſical Girl, who was in Boys Cloaths, having done conſiderable Services to the Love-ſick Duke, return'd to the Doctor his lawful Maſter, who, as I am told, has ſince perform'd wonderful Cures with his *Recipe*.

The Summer Expedition being over the Duke of *Maine*, came back to *Paris* with the reſt of the Generals, and every one continued in his Winter-quarters to divert himſelf with the Ladies. The Duke reſumed his former Viſits to the Princeſs of *Roche-ſur-yon*, who always receiv'd them kindly, and 'twas in thoſe Viſits that he fell in Love with *Mademoiſelle de Bourbon* the Princeſs's Siſter. All the Thoughts of the Court were preſently bent upon this Match;

Match; but whether the Duke had a mind to ſhew his Reſentment for being refuſed before, or whether he was ſtill fond of a ſingle Life, and averſe to ſo ſolemn an Engagement, his Marriage was put off till another time.

In this interim he fell in Love with a Marchioneſs that made great noiſe at Court, both by her Youthful Beauty and Sprightly Wit. The Difficulty the Duke met with, was to find a way through a Multitude of Admirers, that Night and Day laid cloſe Siege to that Lady. However he flatter'd himſelf with ſome hopes, (as moſt young Men are apt to do) upon the account of his Birth, his good Meen, his Wit, and all that can dazle the Eyes of a young Perſon who enters the World, and loves to be Courted.

The firſt time he ſaw the Marchioneſs, whoſe Name you muſt ſuppoſe to be *Cliodora*, was at an Acquaintance of his; that Charming Perſon was employ'd about picking and ſtringing fine Pearls for Bracelets when the Duke came into the Room where ſhe was; he approach'd her with a baſhful and reſpectful Look, and ſtood a little while gazing upon her, not daring to ſpeak to her; but growing a little more bold, he kneel'd before her, and told her: *Madam, your incomparable Charms ſtrike dumb the boldeſt of Men: I could not my ſelf reſiſt their force, the firſt Moment I ſaw you, I have begun to adore you: My Paſſion is violent, and if you can be ſo cruel as to deny me your Pity, give me leave at leaſt to expire at your Feet the moſt Unfortunate of Mortals.* The

The Marchioneſs conſider'd a little before ſhe anſwer'd the Duke; at laſt, looking upon him with a Bluſh; *Prince*, (reply'd ſhe) *I am ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at your Diſcourſe, your Paſſion can be no better than Criminal; and my Duty forbids me to love you, and betray my Husband.* *Madam*, (ſaid the Duke with a ſorrowful Look) *you have pronounced the* Sentence *of my Death, and I care not to live any longer, if you rob me of the Hopes of pleaſing you.*

Cliodora, whoſe Temper was apt to receive the firſt Impreſſions of Love; and who begun to feel ſomething more than an Eſteem for this new Adorer, whom ſhe thought extreamly Charming, went out of the Room upon ſome pretence, fearing leſt her Tenderneſs ſhould triumph over her Reaſon, ſhe begun to hug her ſelf for ſtanding this Trial, without giving any hopes to her Lover: But, alas! Love which ſubdues all by an irreſiſtible force, ſoon inflam'd the Marchioneſs with a fire that ſhe never felt before: She loved the Duke from that very Moment, but with ſo ſtrong a Paſſion, that never was a Woman ſo troubled and ſo uneaſie; and tho' ſhe's now very careful to avoid the ſight of her Conqueror, the God of Love whiſpers in her Ear, that ſhe muſt yield ere it be long.

The Duke who was ſtill diſappointed in his Endeavours to ſee the Marchioneſs abroad, took one Day the Reſolution to viſit her at her Houſe, and had the good Fortune to meet her alone, more Charming than the very Angels.

Cliodora

Cliodora was then in a careleſs but magnificent *Deſhabillee*, with Hair tied up with Amaranth-colour Knots and large Diamonds, and her Breaſt half naked: What Raptures did our Lover feel at the ſight of ſo many Beauties? He forgot in that moment all his other Miſtreſſes; nay, he forgot his very ſelf, ſince he lay Speechleſs, and as it were, in a Swoon, at the Feet of this lovely Perſon, who looking upon him with languiſhing Eyes, compleated the Duke's Defeat.

This Prince having recovered his Amorous Enthuſiaſm, clos'd his Lips to one of the Fair Marchioneſs's Hands, and bathing it with his Tears told her, *Madam, if I commit a Crime in loving you, your ſelf are the cauſe of it; your bright Eyes have inchanted me; forgive me, Divine Creature, and conſent to my Deſires.* The Marchioneſs, who by this time was in great Diſorder, made no anſwer to the Duke, and ſeemed to approve his Deſign by her Silence. The Duke made uſe of ſo fair an opportunity to ſnatch ſome amorous Kiſſes. Afterwards he went away, fearing the Diſcovery of ſo charming and deſirable a Myſtery.

Being return'd home, he reflected on his Behaviour with the Marchioneſs, and was aſham'd of his Baſhfulneſs and Timidity. "I "have been bleſt, ſaid he to himſelf, with "the ſight of thoſe Beauties that have height-"ned my Paſſion, and raptur'd my Soul to "the higheſt pitch: Thoſe Eyes ſparkling "with Love, thoſe flaming roſie Lips ſeem'd

"to

" to bid me go farther than Reſpect, and " yet inſtead of improving the bleſt Occaſi- " on, I have been at the Feet of that incom- " parable Perſon, but a ſtupid faint-hearted " Lover. As the Duke was thus arguing the Matter, walking and fetching great Steps about the Room, he ſpied upon his Table, a Letter from the Counteſs *Brigid*, who upbraided him with his Inconſtancy and want of Faith: The Letter contain'd what follows.

THE ſmall trouble your Highneſs has been at to preſerve my Heart, ſhews but too plainly how little you care for it; but Heaven be prais'd, I am not ſo blind but that I ſee all your Faults much better than you imagine. The Wanton-ey'd malicious Marchioneſs, that you viſit ſo often; and for whom, I am told, you are Mad, will never be conſtant to you. Poor Creature! She's in love with every new Face, and compaſſionates the Sighs of all the World: In a Word, your Highneſs burns his Incenſe upon a very common Altar. You will, perhaps, take ill at me what I ſay about your new Miſtreſs, and think that I am Jealous: I own, I love you ſo far as to be ſo even to fury; but I will moderate my Tranſports, and baniſh, if poſſible, your ingratitude from my Thoughts, ſince it is not in my power to hate you.

The Duke having perus'd this Letter, flung it down again upon his Table with diſdain; and ſaid, Do you think, Madam, that a Man

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can always love you at the ſame rate? Faith, I have other things to mind; and my new born Paſſion finds me more buſineſs than any I ever had. Beſides, you can boaſt of nothing that can come in Competition with my Charming *Cliodora*; her Roſie Lips, her Lilly-Complexion, her bright killing Eyes, her ſweet delicate Breaſt; in ſhort, all her Lovely Perſon does Captivate my whole Heart; nay, I love whatever ſhe touches; and at theſe Words looking upon a Diamond-Ring he had on his Finger; and which, he remembred, *Cliodora* had had on hers; he kiſs'd it over and over a thouſand times. Amorous Extravagance! Not to be conceiv'd by any but thoſe who have been ſo paſſionately in love as the Duke was.

The Count of *Thoulouſe* his Brother, who came to him in that very Moment, could not forbear laughing at his Folly, and ask'd what he did kiſs with ſo much Paſſion? My Hand, Brother, (return'd the Duke) which has touch'd a moſt lovely thing: Nay, then (reply'd the Count, I have nothing to ſay to it, ſince you commit an agreeable Folly. But pray tell me, Brother, what part of your Miſtreſſes Perſon is that you have touch'd? Her Mouth (reply'd the Duke: That's the neareſt place to the Heart, ſaid the Count: That may be, return'd the Duke: But, alas! I find that Heart impenetrable, and 'twill coſt me a great many Sighs before I arrive at the height of Happineſs. Your Miſtreſs is very cruel,

I perceive, ſaid the Count ſmiling. I thought a Cavalier like you, could not languiſh above a Day; you muſt not ſtay till ſhe ſurrenders of her own accord, but take her at unawares, while ſhe gives you an opportunity: For my part, added he, I never told a Woman twice I lov'd her. You are happy, (reply'd the Duke:) But how can a Man wreſt Favours from a Perſon, who will not grant them, and has Reaſons not to grant them: I never was for uſing Violence, and had rather die for Love than force any thing from a Woman, that ſhe will or cannot give: *All for Love*, will ever be my Motto: A Man ought to get a Woman's Heart, and that point once gain'd, the reſt follows of Courſe. That's none of my Temper, ſaid the Count bluntly; if I was Born under the Planet of *Venus*, I would pillage and rob in all the Dominions of Love. You have ſhewed it to *Julia*, anſwered the Duke of *Maine*: The poor Girl flies you like a Monſter; and ſwears, ſhe never ſaw ſo bold a Man as your ſelf. Pſhaw, Brother, (ſaid the Count, ſhe cries before ſhe's hurt: The Duke of *Vendome* has done more to her than ever I did; but becauſe he went a ſoft way to Work, ſhe has made no noiſe about it. Well, that ſhews however, reply'd the Duke ſmiling, that Gentleneſs and Patience go a great way with the Ladies. The Duke of *Vendome*, like a cunning Sportſman catches the Hare, without putting her to the Squeak.

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The Duke who came in to them interrupted their Converſation, and ask'd them, whether they would give him their Company to the Opera. I had rather go to a Play, (ſaid the Count of *Thoulouſe*. I hear, (reply'd the Duke of *Bourbon*, interrupting him) you are in Love with *Chriſtina*, ſhe that Acts the moſt paſſionate Parts: Who I? (anſwer'd the Count, in a Surprize;) Faith, Love is none of my Buſineſs: I am too boiſterous and inconſtant, and would ſoon aſſault a Woman's Honour, or turn Deſerter. If you be of that Humour, (reply'd the Duke) taking him by the Hand, you'll find but few Women that will have any Kindneſs for you: But I wonder you are not aſham'd ſo to prophane this Noble Paſſion, than which none is more worthy of a great Mind; for my part I look upon the Pleaſure of Loving as the moſt refined and ſweeteſt Enjoyment of Life. I am of your Opinion, (ſaid the Duke of *Maine*, and I take a Man without Love to be like a dark dull melancholy Day: In ſhort, Love makes Life pleaſant, which otherwiſe would be tedious and troubleſome.

The Count of *Thoulouſe* perceiving that the Converſation ran ſtill upon Love, gave the Duke of *Maine* a Pat over the Shoulder, and told him; Faith, Brother, 'tis a little uncivil to take ſo much Delight in teazing a Man at this rate; Come let's go to the *Italian* Play-houſe. Theſe three Princes took Coach preſently, and went firſt into the Pit, and afterwards

wards upon the Stage. *Arlequin* Acted that Day *the Emperour of the Moon*; and the Count of *Thoulouſe*, who ſtill had the late Converſation preſent in his Thoughts, ask'd him, Whether People made Love in the Moon, juſt as they do here? An't pleaſe your Highneſs, reply'd that famous Mimick, without any manner of Concern; which ſet the whole Audience a laughing. Well, (ſaid the Count) go on with your Buſineſs.

The Play being done, theſe Princes return'd to their reſpective Apartments; and the next Day the Duke of *Maine* went to Viſit the Marchioneſs, who diſtruſting her own Heart, thought it a piece of Prudence to avoid his ſight. Therefore ſhe ſtole through a back Gate, and went to walk in the Garden, not thinking ſhe had been perceiv'd by her Lover. Thus being at liberty and alone; alas! (cry'd ſhe) how incomparable is my Prince in means to Charm me: 'Tis in vain I fly him, ſince my inclination to love him ſurmounts all oppoſition. Troubleſome Duty, do not tell me I owe my whole Heart to a Husband; Love wreſts it from me by force, and will —She was a going to ſay more, when the Duke of *Maine*, who had got into the Garden, and hid himſelf behind a Tree, made ſome noiſe, which gave her notice he was there! Ah! (cry'd ſhe) is it you, Prince, that thus come to ſurprize my Freedom and Innocence? Alas! (added ſhe, with an enchanting Air) if you knew how weak I am when I ſee you, you would

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not thus break in upon my Solitude. For to tell you all, nothing is ſo tormenting to me, as the Duty incumbent on my Honour, neither to ſee nor love you. I dare not follow the tender Inclinations I have for you, for fear of ſplitting on a Rock, and breaking the Sacred Ties of Matrimony. All this, Madam, (reply'd the Duke) is not ſufficient to oblige you to fly me; for the more you know me, the leſs danger you will find in my Company. I know too well, (anſwer'd ſhe ſomewhat uneaſie) what my Heart thinks of it: I do not bluſh to own that I find infinite Charms in your Perſon, that I am pleas'd with every thing you do, and look upon the neceſſity of your Abſence as the greateſt torment imaginable: But then what ſecret Reproaches of violated Duty ſhould I be expos'd to, if I gave you an opportunity to ſee me in private? No, that ſtep is too ſlippery for a faltering Heart: Therefore your Highneſs muſt be ſatisfied with theſe Reaſons, and not endeavour to involve me in endleſs Misfortunes.

As ſhe made an end of theſe Words, ſhe ran out of the Garden with ſuch ſwiftneſs, that the Duke of *Maine* had much ado to follow her: And having intrench'd her ſelf in a dark Alley without the Garden, the Duke told her ſmiling: Madam, I think I had beſt ſend for Canon to beat you out of your Retrenchments: What do you mean to fly me thus? If I had been more bold in diſcovering to you all the force of my Paſſion, perhaps, either

out of Kindneſs or Gratitude, you would have done for me, what you will undoubtedly do for another, who will not deſerve it ſo well, becauſe none can ever love you ſo ſincerely as I do. This, Madam, (added he) is what drives me to Deſpair. The Marchioneſs having heard him out; Prince, (cry'd ſhe) with a moſt paſſionate Voice; Alas! Your Preſence does but tear open thoſe Wounds which would heal up of themſelves if you were abſent. I uſe all that the Art of Love dictates, to avoid that fatal Rock on which I am afraid to ſplit in the very Harbour. The Duke perceiving her dying Reſolution, fell at her Feet, and ſtop'd her againſt her Will. This ſmall, but ſeaſonable Violence wrought ſo much upon the Heart of this Lovely Perſon, that ſhe ſtaid for a conſiderable while with him, and ſeem'd to give conſent to all the moving and tender Expreſſions of his Paſſion.

Oh! ſudden and unacconntable Change: But alas! What's impoſſible to Love, when he deſigns to Maſter a Heart? It ſeems as if all Nature were made for him, ſince nothing can reſiſt his Power. The Fair *Cliodora*, experienced it in that occaſion, having often ſummon'd in vain to her aſſiſtance, both Duty, Chaſtity, Faith, and all the Sacred Obligations of a diſcreet Wife to her Spouſe. Now, (cry'd ſhe) am I ſurpriz'd, conquer'd, and ſpeechleſs at once: At this, ſhe yielded to the fond Careſſes of her Lover, who embrac'd her

her moſt tenderly, and look'd paſſionately upon her, to find in her Eyes the Sentence either of his Life or Death. The Marchioneſs caſting a languiſhing Eye upon him, ſaid, Alas! I am ruined: All my fears are come upon me, and the crueleſt Death would now be a Bleſſing. Here ſhe broke off, ſhedding a ſhower of Tears in the Duke's Arms.

The Shades of Night coming on, the Duke both out of Decency, Kindneſs and Love conducted her to her Houſe, entertaining her all the way with the moſt endearing Expreſſions; and having taken his leave, left her in the crueleſt Agonies imaginable. This Night was to the Lovely *Clivdora*, a Night full of Horrour, Uneaſineſs, and all that can be moſt tormenting in this Life: And as ſhe was of a Tender and Amorous Temper, and had never before felt ſo violent and engaging a Paſſion, ſhe took an exact Review of all that the Duke had ſaid to her, which had made a deep impreſſion in her Heart. *Atonia* one of her intimate Acquaintance, who ſurpriz'd her in Bed the next Morning, found her ſo changed, that ſhe ask'd all in a Fright the Reaſon of that ſad Metamorphoſis. Alas! My Deareſt, (ſaid the Marchioneſs, with a doleful Voice) if I ſhould tell you the Cauſe of my Misfortunes, you would be ſo ſurpriz'd and aſtoniſh'd at the condition my Heart is now in, that you would certainly pity my Miſerable Fate. Madam, (reply'd *Atonia*) I compaſſionate your Trouble without knowing the

particulars of it. Can you believe, (ſaid the Marchioneſs, reſuming her Diſcourſe) that I Love the moſt perfect and accompliſh'd Man alive? Fame, indeed, has not done him Juſtice; but Heaven has beſtow'd on him thoſe Charms that are able to enſlave the whole Creation. *Atonia*, who ought all this while that the Marchioneſs ſpoke of her Husband, told her, Madam, I have long ſince known the infinite Merit of your Illuſtrious Husband. Here ſhe paus'd a while; and the Marchioneſs reſuming the Diſcourſe; Alas! (cry'd ſhe) how happy ſhould I be, were I only Charm'd by my Husband's Merit? But another poſſeſſes my Heart, and I cannot forbear loving him in ſpite of Duty, Honour, Faith, and all that oppoſes the Torrent of my Inclinations. How! Madam, (reply'd *Atonia* in a Surpriſe) you love another beſides the Marquiſs your Husband? I do, (return'd *Cliodora*) I do, dear *Atonia*, love another againſt my Will; and my Heart has yielded to the moſt perfect of all Mortals. But who is that happy Mortal, (reply'd *Atonia*) with a ſerious Air, who has found the way to captivate your Heart, which ſeem'd to be an impregnable Fortreſs. How often has the Count of ——— made vain attempts upon the Citadel of that Fort, which, perhaps ſurrenders now without reſiſtance to a leſs formidable Conquerour. Alas! Cruel *Atonia*, (anſwer'd the Marchioneſs with a dying Look) if thou kneweſt how my Heart, my Reaſon, and

and all the Powers of my Soul have ſtrugled with this Paſſion, thou would'ſt not ſpeak as thou do'ſt. I have couragiouſly encountred all that can Charm a Heart; and 'tis no great wonder to ſee Victory ſide with the ſtronger: The Duke of *Maine* triumphs over my Reſolution, and 'tis that powerful, that charming Conquerour that puts me to theſe Agonies.

'Tis not to be imagin'd into what aſtoniſhment thoſe Words caſt *Atonia*, who looking fixedly upon the Marchioneſs, told her, Madam, what's now become of that great Vertue and Reſerve, which made your Ladyſhip the Admiration of all the World? I cannot tell, my Deareſt, cry'd *Cliodora*, falling into a Swoon, in which ſhe continu'd for ſome time, without either Speech or Motion; but at laſt recovering her Spirits, Faithful Spouſe, (cry'd ſhe) I have been treacherous to thee, by breaking my Marriage-Vows: Then looking upon his Picture that hung by her Bed-ſide, ſhe went on in theſe Words: Oh! why muſt I break thy Heart by this intolerable Grief. Fatal unlawful Love! thou art ready to undo me, and precipitate my Days into an endleſs Abyſs of Sorrow and Miſery. Guilt begins to triumph over Vertue, and cruſhes me under the abominable Weight of Vice. O Heaven! that ſeeſt the trouble of my diſtracted Soul, calm this dreadful Storm by ſome gentle Influence.

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She had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when the Marquiſs, who for ſome Days had been a Hunting with his Friends, came into the Room, and ſat down upon the Bed by her. He expreſs'd his uſual Kindneſs to her; and finding her extreamly chang'd, he ask'd her the cauſe of it, with a great deal of Concern. *Clodora*, as you may imagine, was not ſuch a Fool as to own her Frailty; but, on the contrary, ſhe conceal'd and diſſembl'd it, and forc'd a ſeem'd Satisfaction at the dull Careſſes of her Husband. Some time after, being left alone with her Confident, ſhe told her, Dear *Atonia*, a Husband is ſtill the ſame thing, and Love is pleas'd with Variety. But, Madam, reply'd *Atonia* ſmiling, how can you expect always to find that pleaſing Variety in a Galant? I can't tell, reply'd careleſs the Marchioneſs; however, 'tis requiſite to paſs from one amorous Engagement to another, were it but to keep our Hearts in ure, which otherwiſe would grow dull and inſenſible. You preach a fine Doctrine, ſaid *Atonia*, ſmiling; but I am afraid your Precepts are dangerous, and proceed from looſe, wanton Thoughts, which you ought rather to ſuppreſs. Alas! how can I, ſaid ſhe, riſing from her Bed? See! here comes the dear Charmer that has raiſed them, whom I cannot ſhun. At theſe Words the Duke of *Maine* came in, and ask'd her how ſhe had ſpent the Night? Very uneaſily, dear Prince, reply'd ſhe. *Atonia*, who perceiv'd that her Company might be

be troubleſom, went out of the Room immediately, and left 'em to themſelves.

The Duke thus alone with his Miſtreſs, entertain'd her with his Paſſion, which, ſaid he, is arrived at its higheſt pitch; then, I fear, it will ſoon decline, reply'd *Cliodora*, ſince Philoſophers tell us, that things being come to their perfection, begin to decreaſe and return to their centre. My dear Angel, anſwer'd the Duke paſſionately, I am above Philoſophers, and I'll teach them, by the duration of my Love, that they are but a Company of Fools: 'Tis true, that by an unſearchable Decree of Heaven, all things are changeable in this Life; but for my part, I will always be the ſame to you. Theſe ſweet Hopes, my dear Life, ſaid the Marchioneſs, claſping her Hands about his Neck, do raviſh my very Soul, and ſhew me the utmoſt extent of my Felicity. Will you then ever love me without alteration? I will, anſwer'd the Duke, who ſwore upon the Faith and Honour of a paſſionate Lover (frail Security) that future Ages ſhould admire the Conſtancy of his Love. The Marchioneſs took his Word for it, and was pleas'd to believe all he ſaid.

Some time after, the Duke of *Maine* being at the Princeſs of *Roche-ſur-yon*'s Houſe, had a ſight of the young Princeſs *Illida*, and was ſo taken with her Converſation, that he fell paſſionately in love with her. 'Twill not be amiſs to draw the Picture of ſo accompliſh'd

a Perſon, both to entertain the Reader, and that he may gueſs who ſhe is. The Princeſs *Illida* was a tall, proper, black Woman; her Shape free and eaſie; ſhe had fine, large, ſparkling, black Eyes, level with the reſt of her Face; a white and lively Complexion; the prettieſt little Mouth in the World; Ivory Teeth, ſet with regular ſymmetry; a charming Smile; a look Noble and Great, and yet ſweet and engaging; with the fineſt Voice that ever I heard in my Life. All this were more than ſufficient to raiſe a great Paſſion in the Duke of *Maine*, who is naturally very ſuſceptible of Love; ſo that finding himſelf at liberty, he diſclos'd to her that very Day all the Sentiments of his Heart; and the Princeſs, who was not inſenſible, return'd very obliging Anſwers to all the fine Speeches he made upon her Beauty. The Prince of *Conti*, who died about the time, retarded for a while the amorous Affairs of the Duke, becauſe the Princeſs *Illida* was a Relation of his. The Days of Ceremony being over, the Duke went to ſee her at the Princeſs Dowager of *Conti*'s: The Princeſs having a great Tenderneſs for her, adviſed her to have a care how far ſhe ſhould embark with the Duke, who (ſaid ſhe) changes his Miſtreſs's oftner than his Clothes. Oh, Heavens! what's that you ſay, cried the Princeſs *Illida?* Of all things in the World, I abhor Inconſtancy moſt. Madam, reply'd the Princeſs of *Conti*, this is a very nice point;

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Fhench-men are of a fickle Temper, and generally falſe to our Sex, tho' never ſo true to their own; and I heartily pity all the Women that engage with them in an amorous Commerce, which of all others requires Honeſty and Sincerity. Well, Madam, ſaid the Princeſs looking upon her, my Engagement is not ſo far gone, but that I may break it: Yet I muſt needs own, that if any Perſon beſides your Higghneſs did tell me this, I would look upon it as a piece of malicious Jealouſie to undermine the Duke of *Maine* in my Eſteem; but becauſe no ſuch thing can ever enter into my Thoughts, I ſhall take my Meaſures according to your Advice. I hope you will, reply'd the Princeſs of *Conti*; and if you don't, you muſt expect to loſe the good Opinion I have of your Diſcretion. This Caution, added ſhe, is the ſame I gave lately to a Lady of my Acquaintance, who anſwer'd me briskly, Why, Madam, ſhould we loſe precious Time? 'Tis fit to Love as ſoon as poſſible; Hearts born for that Paſſion, are ſpoil'd when they are without it. The poor Fool, added the Princeſs, has ſince found by Experience, that it is much better to have no Lover at all, than to have one Inconſtant: For my part, if I had a mind to have a pleaſant and laſting Amour, I would pitch upon a Foreigner, or ſome Cavalier older than my ſelf, that might take no advantage of his Youth. What would your Highneſs do with a Foreigner, ſaid the Princeſs *Illida?* They are gene-

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French-men are of a fickle Temper, and generally falſe to our Sex, tho' never ſo true to their own; and I heartily pity all the Women that engage with them in an amorous Commerce, which of all others requires Honeſty and Sincerity. Well, Madam, ſaid the Princeſs looking upon her, my Engagement is not ſo far gone, but that I may break it: Yet I muſt needs own, that if any Perſon beſides your Higghneſs did tell me this, I would look upon it as a piece of malicious Jealouſie to undermine the Duke of *Maine* in my Eſteem; but becauſe no ſuch thing can ever enter into my Thoughts, I ſhall take my Meaſures according to your Advice. I hope you will, reply'd the Princeſs of *Conti*; and if you don't, you muſt expect to loſe the good Opinion I have of your Diſcretion. This Caution, added ſhe, is the ſame I gave lately to a Lady of my Acquaintance, who anſwer'd me briskly, Why, Madam, ſhould we loſe precious Time? 'Tis fit to Love as ſoon as poſſible; Hearts born for that Paſſion, are ſpoil'd when they are without it. The poor Fool, added the Princeſs, has ſince found by Experience, that it is much better to have no Lover at all, than to have one Inconſtant: For my part, if I had a mind to have a pleaſant and laſting Amour, I would pitch upon a Foreigner, or ſome Cavalier older than my ſelf, that might take no advantage of his Youth. What would your Highneſs do with a Foreigner, ſaid the Princeſs *Illida?* They are gene-

generally but a ſort of Clowniſh, Ill-bred, Dull Perſons, unleſs they travel through *France*, *Italy*, and other Countries; and when ſo, they commonly learn the Manners they ſee abroad, and are not a jot the better than the reſt. No Men can be more tender, more amorous, more changeable, or more jealous than the *Italians*; they Love ſometimes even to Madneſs, but their Paſſion is of no duration. The *Spaniards* are much like the *Italians*, but that they have not ſo much Spleen and Malice. The *Engliſh* have ſomething very inſipid; they are preſently for killing their Rivals, or hanging themſelves. As for the *Dutch*, their Love is ſo cold and ſo dull, that the hotteſt Lover of 'em all, ſhall not ſpeak five Words that can pleaſe his Miſtreſs in a whole Year. Pray of what Country would you then have your Lover, ſaid the Princeſs of *Conti*, breaking out in Laughter? I fancy you muſt get one among the *Turks* or *Moors*. Fie, Madam, reply'd the Princeſs *Illida*, ſmiling: If I would have a Lover to my Fancy, I would chuſe a *German*, or *Switzer*. A very fine Choice, I vow! return'd the Princeſs of *Conti*; why, the *Germans* and *Switzers* are ſo heavy, ſo dull, ſo clowniſh and unpoliſh'd——— Madam, ſaid the Princeſs *Illida* interrupting her, they are downright, conſtant, honeſt Men. The Duke of *Maine*, who ſurpriz'd theſe two Princeſſes, ſoon made them change their Converſation. Alas! ſaid the Princeſs of *Conti*, perceiving the Duke made

made his Addreſſes to the Princeſs *Illida*, Prince, I think you are neither *German* nor *Switzer*. Why that to me, Madam, reply'd the Duke? Muſt a Man be *German* or *Switzer* to pleaſe this incomparable Beauty? Yes, he muſt, return'd the Princeſs: They are conſtant, downright, and honeſt —— Faith, Madam, reply'd the Duke, ſmiling, 'tis becauſe they have not the Wit to be otherwiſe; But is Conſtancy ſuch a mighty thing in Love? Ah! cry'd the Princeſs *Illida*, how maliciouſly Cunning is the Princeſs of *Conti*, to make People confeſs their own Faults! Nothing in the World is ſo fine and charming as Conſtancy; and without that ſolid Quality, all Enjoyments would be unpalatable, and breed diſquieting Thoughts. The Duke of *Maine* perceiv'd preſently what malicious Trick the Princeſs of *Conti* had put upon him, to make her Relation have an ill Opinion of him, and without making any reply, took his leave, and went away.

The Duke was no ſooner come to his Apartment, but he bent all his Thoughts to remove the ill Impreſſions the Princeſs of *Conti* had given the Princeſs *Illida*; which were ſo deeply rooted, that whatever the Duke of *Maine* could ſay to her, was not able to undeceive her of the Prejudice ſhe had conceiv'd againſt him. The Prince was ſo deſperately mad at it, that he expoſtulated the matter with the Princeſs of *Conti* in very big, ſharp, and contemptuous words; and ever ſince that,

that, these two Persons have had an irreconcileable Hatred for each other. But to return to the Duke of *Maine*, here is a Letter he sent to the Princess his Mistress, to endeavour to bring her back from her Estrangement.

The Duke of *Maine*, to the Princess *Illida*.

MADAM,

YOur Unjust Reproaches have bereft me of my Rest; and if you continue to have so ill an Opinion of me, and banish me from your dear Presence, I must fall an infallible Sacrifice to your uncharitable Judgment and Severity. You see what Sin you are like to commit, and what Remorses of Conscience you must expect if I die. I am grown so faint and weak, that I have hardly Strength enough to write to you: This Weakness, most adorable Person, ought to give me a Title to your Heart; and without the Possession of so inestimable a Treasure, I can never hope to live happy. You may triumph over my Passion, and use at pleasure the Power you have over me, since the Condition I am in will not suffer me to do any thing in my own defence, save only to assure you, that what the Princess of Conti *told you of me, is nothing but Falshood: She is a malicious Woman, that cannot endure to see a Man sigh for any other than her self, as if she was Mistress of all the Accomplishments in the World: And as she comes infinitely short of those shining Qualities and Perfections that Nature has bestow'd upon your self;*

ſelf; ſo ſhe cannot but have a mortal Jealouſie of you. Farewel, Illuſtrious Princeſs, and do not deny the humbleſt and moſt paſſionate of your Adorers, the Favour of believing him the moſt Faithful and ſincere of all Mortals.

Du Maine.

The Princeſs *Illida* received this Letter very kindly, and moreover told the Gentleman that brought it, that ſhe long'd to ſee his Maſter. The Duke no ſooner receiv'd this News, but he immediately flew to his Miſtreſs, and caſting himſelf at her Feet, begg'd of her to hear him but for a Moment: I will hear you as long as you pleaſe, (reply'd the Princeſs.) The Prince perceiving an amorous Tenderneſs in her Looks, told her, Madam, I am over-joy'd to ſee the end of your Indifference, which could have no other cauſe but the malicious Inſinuations of the Princeſs of *Conti*, whoſe true Character I have given you already. 'Tis true, I have had ſeveral Miſtreſſes which I never lov'd long, becauſe they had not the power to keep me. Their Charms were too faint to pleaſe above a Month a Man of ſo nice a Palate as my ſelf; you alone, moſt charming Creature, are capable to fix my Love. Prince (reply'd the Princeſs ſmiling) a Month, nay, a Week is a long time for inconſtant Lovers; they ſeldom like a Miſtreſs at the ſecond View: If all Ladies

were like your ſelf, incomparable Princeſs, (ſaid the Duke with a paſſionate Air) Men would never change their Miſtreſſes, but rather impoſe upon themſelves the agreeable neceſſity of loving them for ever. Theſe are Compliments you make to all our Sex, (reply'd the Princeſs) and Men of your Temper have always a full Stock of fine Things to ſay to the Ladies. There's no general Rule without an Exception, (return'd the Duke;) there are, indeed, a ſort of Men that cannot live without an Amour, and thoſe we call *General Lovers*: Then they love out of Habit and Cuſtom, (reply'd the Princeſs;) and therefore their Paſſion is nothing but an Amuſement. Habit and Cuſtom have undoubtedly a great ſhare in it, (anſwer'd the Duke) and a great many Men don't look upon Love as a ſerious buſineſs. The reaſon they give to colour their Fickleneſs, is, that it is impoſſible for a Heart to be poſſeſt by two Paſſions at once, and that the laſt impreſſions are generally quicker and ſtronger than the firſt. And according to this Principle they change their Miſtreſſes as often as their Periwigs, being captivated by the Fair and the Black by turns. The Princeſs could not forbear laughing at the pleaſant Way the Duke made his Court to her; and told him, it was a vain attempt to reſiſt his Addreſs, and the Charms of his Wit, ſince 'twas but loſing one's Repoſe without getting the Victory. Would

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to God, Madam, (cry'd the Duke of *Maine*, graſping her little Lily-white Hand, which he kiſs'd moſt amorouſly) I were Maſter of that Merit you are pleas'd to give me; but my ſmall Skill and Genius contradict the good Opinion you have of me. Not at all, (reply'd the Princeſs;) and I am ſure you deſerve the Character I give of you. Can I flatter my ſelf that you are perſwaded of what you ſay, (returned the Duke:) I really am, (reply'd ſhe with a Charming Look) and for all my Diſguiſes, my Heart tells me, that you are not indifferent to me. Theſe pleaſing Words accompanied with the Charms of the Princeſs, ſo tranſported the Duke with Joy, that had he not been ſupported by a Table, he had fallen, like one in a Trance, at the Feet of his Dear Charmer. At laſt, having recover'd his Amorous Extaſie; See, Madam, (cry'd he) what Raptures and Tranſports your Divine Perfections cauſe in me; every thing ſpeaks in my favour to perſuade you of the ſtrength of my Paſſion; and nothing can alleviate the Torments I endure, but the hopes that you do not doubt my Sincerity. The Princeſs, whoſe chief delight was to ſee her Adorers languiſh, made as if ſhe believ'd by halves, the Proteſtations of his Paſſion. 'Twas her Humour to keep ſeveral Lovers at a Bay, and lead them about into a Fool's Paradiſe, without caring ever to be at any great Expence for them; while the deluded Fools

were at a great deal of Pains for Favours in Reverſion. The Duke of *Maine* was one of theſe, tho' I cannot tell whether his Addreſs and incomparable Wit, have not raiſed him above the Fortune of his Competitors.

The amorous Commerce betwixt the Duke of *Maine* and the Princeſs *Illida*, could not be ſo ſecret, but that it came to the knowledge of the Marchioneſs *Cliodora*, who loved him deſperately. Love that never ſleeps, but is continually upon the Watch, diſcover'd it in a very pleaſant manner.

One Day as theſe two Lovers were together in an Arbour by the Side of a Houſe where the Marchioneſs happen'd to be, ſhe heard through the Wall one that ſaid, Madam, I ſhall willingly give you my Picture, ſince you ask it in ſo engaging a manner: But do not you think, moſt adorable Princeſs, that I ſhall envy its happineſs in being near you when I ſhall ſigh after your dear Preſence. He paus'd here a while, and the Marchioneſs being curious, as all the reſt of Women are, went nearer the Wall, and knew the Duke of *Maine*'s Voice, but could not juſtly tell who was the Lady he ſpoke to. Now am I betray'd, (ſaid ſhe loud enough to be heard) that falſe Man loves another; can any Misfortune be ſo great as mine is? The Princeſs *Illida*, who is very fearful and timerous, hearing a ſtrange Voice and doleful Complaints, deſired her Lover to take Coach again and return

turn Home. He preſently obey'd, and having carried her Home, took his leave till the next Day, when they appointed to meet near the Foreſt of *Vincennes*, towards the Cloſe of the Evening.

The Duke of *Maine*, who had a ſuſpicion that the Marchioneſs was acquainted with his new Intrigue, was at a loſs how to manage a Woman ſo Jealous and ſo Troubleſome: At laſt, to rid himſelf of her in as civil a manner as poſſible, he counterfeited being Sick, and acquainted her by a Letter, that his Phyſician had order'd him to forbear converſing with Women upon pain of Death; and that to cure his Melancholy, he had preſcrib'd him the Waters of *Bourbon*, where he would go in few Days. The cunning Marchioneſs ſmell'd out the Plot preſently, and perceiving her Reign was at an end, ſhe prevail'd ſo far upon her own Love and Jealouſie, that ſhe receiv'd the Duke's Letter with great Indifference, and made as if ſhe believ'd all he ſaid, tho' ſhe was ſure of the contrary.

Here is the Anſwer ſhe ſent him upon his feign'd Illneſs, and his going to the Waters of *Bourbon*.

ALas! Fair Prince, what would I not do to reſtore your Health. A barbarous Feaver is like to blaſt your Lily Complexion, and you are going to the Waters to put out its fire: But, I think, your new Paſſion that has kindled it, might quench it as well, without going ſo far to deprive me of your dear Preſence. Alas! How fortunate were Lovers in the firſt Ages of the World! They were ſtill loving, ſtill Conſtant and Faithful; they never parted one from another, and Treachery never wreſted the Lover from the Miſtreſſes Arms. Oh! Happy Times whether are you fled? Why does not Heaven grant us now ſo great a Bleſſing? I would not feel the cruel ſmart of your Departure: Nor would you be delighted with change, but rather place your Happineſs in the Sweets of Conſtant Love.

Cliodora.

The Duke of *Maine* is ſo penetrating a Wit, that he ſaw preſently his Feint was diſcovered. How cunning (cry'd he) is that Woman, ſhe ſeems contented to loſe what ſhe cannot have; yet I am mad ſhe ſhews no more Jealouſie: Alas! She lov'd me not, and I was a fond deluded Lover. But why do I repine? I ought to be glad of the Indifference, ſince a nobler Paſſion poſſeſſes my Heart.

Theſe

These Thoughts kept a long while the Duke of *Maine* seriously employ'd: He was in suspence whether he should go to see the Marchioness, or no. And one Evening, as he was walking irresolute upon that Subject, he found himself near that Lady's House, who being then at her Window, drew in assoon as she saw him. The Duke, for all her seeming Disdain, pull'd a little Bell, which was the Signal of their Secret Loves. One of the Marchioness's Women led him into a dark Parlour, where having perceiv'd under the Table, and in a corner some Arms that us'd not to be there, and considering besides, that his Introducer had lock'd him in, he begun to suspect something, and leap'd presently out of the Window, and made his Escape through the Garden.

The Marchioness, who, as I said before, was jealous of her Love and Reputation even to Madness, had taken the Resolution to murder him privately, to revenge his Infidelity; & for that purpose had sent for some Men, who were coming in great haste Mask'd and Disguis'd. As soon as she enter'd the Room, where she expected to see her false Lover, she was so surpriz'd to miss him there, that she fell into a Swoon, and was Speechless for a while. At last having recover'd her self, she thank'd those Gentlemen who had taken this opportunity to be reveng'd of an Affront the Duke of *Maine* had given 'em at Play. *Cliodora* who seem'd

to be all Good Nature, was indeed a Snake hid under Flowers: She was now inraged to ſee her ſelf diſappointed in her Revenge, and ruſhing with fury upon the Woman that had conducted the Duke into the Parlour: Traitreſs, (cry'd ſhe) laying hold of her Neck, thou haſt betray'd me, by cauſing the moſt perfidious of Men to eſcape my juſt Reſentment: He will now make me infamous to the World, by publiſhing what wicked Deſign I had upon his Life; but thou ſhalt be the Victim I'll offer to my Revenge ——— As ſhe pronounced theſe Words, in the greateſt Paſſion imaginable, the Marquiſs came in with Sword in his Hand, thinking that there were Thieves in his Houſe. But how ſurpriz'd was he to ſee his Wife with diſhevel'd Hair, a Dagger in her Hand, Curſes in her Mouth, and wild Deſpair in her Looks, putting a ſtring about her Woman's Neck, who, I am told, had formerly been her Nurſe? The Marqueſs prevented this fatal ſtroke, cutting with his Sword, the String that was ready to ſtrangle this innocent Creature, who as ſoon as the Tragi-comedy was over, both out of Gratitude and Revenge, put into his Hands all his Wife's Letters, which were the proofs of her Infidelity. He being a Man of much Honour, and very touchy where his Reputation was concern'd, enquir'd ſo nicely into all his Wife's Intrigues, that being fully convinced of her Treachery, he cauſed her to be

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put into ſo ſevere a Nunnery, that ſhe had the very Hair of her Eye-brows ſhav'd off.

The Duke of *Maine*, who had underhand much contributed to the Marchioneſs's Confinement during Life, was abundantly revenged without noiſe: The Archbiſhop of *Paris* who was his Friend, as well as of the Abbeſs of that Convent, being acquainted with all the Story, gave Orders to have the Marchioneſs now and then ſeverely Diſciplin'd as well for her other Sins, as for this laſt Offence againſt the Duke, which would have coſt her her Life, had he deliver'd her up into the Hands of Juſtice. What is it that a Jealous Woman is not capable to do? (ſaid the Duke one Day to his Friends, without telling them the cauſe of this Complaint) The Devil himſelf is nothing to her; ſhe is all Diſſimulation, and ſtops at nothing that is wicked to be reveng'd. The Princeſs *Illida*, who had theſe Words reported to her, believed they were ſpoken upon her Account, becauſe ſome Days before ſhe had ſhewn a little Diſcontent at a Preſent which the Duke of *Maine* made before her to *Madamoiſelle de Bourbon*, whom he always look'd upon as his future Spouſe.

All theſe little Quarrels being over, the Duke reſolv'd to give a Diverſion to a thouſand Troubles he felt in his Mind, and refreſh his Heart, which was tired with ſo many different Paſſions: In order to that he made a Cam-

Campaign, in which he bent all his Thoughts upon Honour and Glory, ſeldom or never remembring his Miſtreſſes. Being return'd home, he paid his ordinary Viſits to the Princeſs *Illida*, who receiv'd him with Coldneſs and Indifference. This was enough to diſingage the Duke of *Maine*, who cannot endure to be ſlighted; and from that very moment he reſolv'd to make another Conqueſt. The Perſon he had a deſign upon, was Madam *Olida*, Wife to a Baron of great Reputation, and intimate Friend to the *Demoiſelles de Tours, & de Nantes*, Siſters to the Duke. As ſoon as he had made an Acquaintance with her, the King Married the Duke of *Anguien*, otherwiſe the Duke of *Bourbon* to *Madamoiſelle de Tours*, and 'twas during thoſe Rejoycings, that he declar'd his Paſſion to the Baroneſs, unknown to every Body but the Duke of *Bourbon*, who told his Wife, Madam, I verily believe the Duke of *Maine* is in Love with our Baroneſs: That may be (reply'd the Dutcheſs) for he is ſo inconſtant and changeable in Love, that I believe in a little time no Woman will give him the Hearing. Oh! How I hate Inconſtancy! There's no Treachery like that of being Perfidious in Love. Madam, (return'd the Duke ſmiling, that's the Faſhion now a-days; and therefore you ought to have better Thoughts of the Duke your Brother; but however, I would adviſe him not to Marry till he has ſown his Wild Oats.

Sir,

Sir, (reply'd the Dutcheſs) he will always be the ſame: All your Cripples are exceedingly Amorous, becauſe of the Choler which is predominant in their Nature, and excites them to love. Pray, Madam, where did you learn this Philoſophy? (ſaid the Duke.) Sir, (reply'd the Dutcheſs) I have it out of *Plato*'s and *Socrates*'s Works, which treat of Philoſophical Phyſiognomy, and of all the Signs whereby we come to the knowledge of the Natural Inclinations of Men.

As ſoon as Dinner was over, the Duke of *Bourbon*, who is very curious, ſent for the Works of *Socrates* and *Plato*, and the Company being met in a fine Parlour, every one look'd for his own Temper and Inclinations in thoſe Philoſophers. The Duke of *Maine*, whoſe Wit is full of Life and Sprightlineſs, begun the Converſation and ſaid, that it is the Remark of *Galen* and *Ariſtotle* in ſeveral Places, That a Man's Genius and Manners are often ſhewn by the Stature and Habit of his Body; and that your little or middle-ſiz'd Men are generally ingenious. *Hippocrates*, (ſaid the Prince of *Conti*, interrupting him) was of Opinion that all thoſe who profeſs Phyſick, ought to be skill'd in Phyſiognomy, otherwiſe they are apt to commit groſs Errors; and I do not wonder to ſee my Phyſician often at a loſs to know my Diſtemper, becauſe he is no good Phyſiognomiſt. Monſieur *Pinac* Archbiſhop of *Lyons*, was ſo well acquainted

quainted with Phyſiognomy and Metopoſcopy, that having one Day look'd fixedly upon the Duke of *Biron*, he foretold him his fatal End to a Hair. Paſſions (ſaid the Dutcheſs of *Bourbon*) are infallible Indications of ones Temper; as for Example, Sadneſs proceeds from Choler, and a brisk airy Humour from abundance of Blood. 'Tis no wonder then, (reply'd the Prince of *Conti*, you are generally ſo Jovial and Gay: As for *Madamoiſelle de Nantes*, (ſaid he looking upon her) ſhe has a moderate Melancholy which is a ſign of good Senſe. Right, (anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling, for *Ariſtotle* tells us, that the *Virtuoſo's* of his Time, were for the moſt part of a Melancholy Humour. True, Siſter, (reply'd the Duke of *Maine*) but here is a place where *Galen*, with the ſame Philoſopher ſpeaks of two ſorts of Melancholy, the one is tempered by the Blood and Choler, and the other by Phlegm; the firſt produces Wit and good Senſe, and the other Inconſtancy, Fickleneſs, Deceit and Ill-nature: if one durſt accuſe you of Inconſtancy, Brother, (ſaid the Dutcheſs of *Bourbon* with a malicious Coldneſs) I fancy he would not wrong you much, tho' you be ſo full of Mirth and Gayety. Is it poſſible (ſaid the Baroneſs *Olida*) for the Duke of *Maine* to be Inconſtant? That's a Frailty too much below the greatneſs of Mind of a Prince like him———I, Madam, Inconſtant! (reply'd the Duke) Alas! when I Love, my love is ſolid,

ſolid, conſtant, and without bounds. That's true, (return'd maliciouſly the Dutcheſs of *Bourbon*) becauſe 'tis a *General Love:* Beſides, you love like a Maſter that muſt and will be obey'd. I confeſs, Madam, (reply'd the Duke ſmiling) my Paſſion is Maſculine and greedy, and wants ſomething to feed upon: A kind Look, or a gentle Smile may inſpire me with Love, but that's too thin a Diet to ſatisfie me. To what exceſſive height, dear Brother, you let your Paſſions go? (anſwer'd the Dutcheſs:) Your Love is Raſh, Wanton and Undiſcreet. Princeſs, (cry'd the Duke of *Maine*) you muſt pardon thoſe Exceſſes which flow from my very Nature. I cannot look upon a Handſom, Well-ſhap'd Woman with a Complexion of Lilies and Roſes, Cherry Lips and Sparkling Eyes, without burning with a raging flame. But, (ſaid the Duke of *Bourbon*, taking him by the Hand) when you are in thoſe amorous Raptures with your Miſtreſs, do you ever find the *Happy Minute.* Faith, you are very curious (reply'd the Duke of *Maine* ſmiling) I never met with any but Unkind, Ill-natur'd Miſtreſſes, that have made me pine and languiſh. Do not diſſemble, (return'd the Prince) I know a certain Lady that has a Paſſion for you, which is not much for her Reputation. Pſhaw, (ſaid the Duke of *Maine* Laughing) a Woman may have one or two Amours in her Life, without wronging her Reputation, provided ſhe have

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the Addreſs to conceal them ; the Sun is ſometimes loſt in an Eclipſe, but ſhines afterwards as glorious as ever. Indeed (ſaid the Baroneſs *Olida*, affecting a great Modeſty) theſe are new Morals to me ; I cannot imagine how a Woman can be accounted Virtuous and Innocent, when ſhe parts with her moſt valuable Treaſure to a Man.

The Duke of *Maine* interrupted this Converſation, riſing from his Seat and ſinging theſe Words.

No Heart is proof againſt the Shafts of Love,
When darted from my Mariana's Eyes.

A very moving Stile, I proteſt ; (ſaid the Dutcheſs of *Bourbon* ſmiling) a Body muſt be no leſs Amorous than the Duke of *Maine* to be inſpired with thoſe fine Expreſſions. I fancy, he loves like the ancient Gods, eſpecially like *Vulcan*, the dear fond Husband of *Venus*. Faith, Madam, (reply'd the Duke) I ſhould be mad to be one in the Liſt of *Vulcan*, who marches at the Head of Cuckolds. Pſhaw, (ſaid the Dutcheſs ſmiling) you would bear it patiently, ſince there are thouſands to keep you in Countenance.

The Duke of *Maine* fetch'd a Sigh, and look'd ſad at theſe Prophetical Words, and to divert his Melancholy Thoughts, he went to walk alone in a ſolitary Grove that was in the Garden. ſome few Moments after he return'd

to

to the Company. The Ladies who ſaw him coming, went a little way to meet him, and taking him by the Arm, every one ask'd him with a ſort of impatient Eagerneſs, Where have you been, Prince? Where have you been? The Duke made as if he did not hear what they ſaid, and having conſider'd a while what he ſhould anſwer, he told them boldly, Ladies, we have, thank God, no Inquiſition in *France*; and I'll ſay no more——This ſharp Anſwer put the Ladies to the Bluſh, and netled them ſo, that they went away mad and enraged.

Every one ſpent that Night pretty quietly except the Baroneſs *Olida*, who being offended by a Prince that ſhe could not hate; Alas! (ſaid ſhe) what Contempt has been the Reward of my impertinent Curioſity? But, Oh! what a Paſſion do I feel for him? Surely, he has Enchanted me, and his whole Perſon has a powerful Aſcendant over my Heart! This laſt Thought, as well as the Adventure of the Day before, kept her awake all Night: Her Women who heard her ſpeak, brought her a Light, by which ſhe wrote what follows:

A Letter from the Baroneſs *Olida*, to the Duke of *Maine*.

IT were but Juſtice, Ungrateful Prince, if you had as ill a Night as my ſelf, after your ſcornful Indifference Yeſterday in the Afternoon. Your Highneſs pretends an Eſteem for my Perſon; and yet, perhaps, you never ſo much as think of me. Alas! if you will take the Pains to merit my Heart, it will certainly be yours; for I ſee my Capricious Stars will have it ſo. Yet do not miſtake me: I ſhould be glad to joyn with you in a ſound and agreeable Friendſhip, ſeaſoned with a thouſand innocent and eaſie Pleaſures; but as for Love, that's a troubleſome uneaſie Paſſion, that I always have avoided; and therefore if your Deſigns are bent that way, pray, withdraw your Forces, and look for a Heart that can ſuffer more than mine. You and I are well at home, and ſo let's ſtay where we are.

It was now pretty late, when one of the Baroneſs's Women came in to tell her, that Madam *Maintenon* ask'd for her. Lord! (ſaid the Baroneſs riſing in haſte,) what Buſineſs can that old Bigot have here? Her Converſation ſure will run upon nothing elſe but Mortification and Meritorious Works. Ah, Madam! (cry'd Madam *Maintenon*,) you are very ſleepy; I muſt give you ſome Tea or Coffee to awaken your Spirits, which is much better than the Poppies and Opium your Phyſician preſcribes you. Madam, (reply'd the Baroneſs,) there's no occaſion for it; I only ſlept to day later than ordinary. You look very penſive, (return'd Madam *Maintenon*) no doubt but ſomebody has entruſted you with a Buſineſs of Conſequence, that keeps your Thoughts thus employ'd. Not at all, Madam, (anſwer'd the Baroneſs with a melancholy Air) when a body is in your Company, one may very well be excus'd from troubling one's head with the State. Theſe Fatigues, Madam, (reply'd *la Maintenon*) ought to take up but little of our time, whilſt the Affairs of one's Heart are much more conſiderable. Your Ladyſhip is very preſſing (reply'd the Baroneſs, ſmiling) to require a ſincere Account of my moſt hidden Intentions. I own it, Madam (anſwer'd *la Maintenon*) but withal I know my ſelf diſcreet, and believe I am capable of keeping a Secret. Then, Madam, (continu'd the Baroneſs) I have no Secret to diſcloſe, and conſequently can have no occaſion for a Confident: Therefore, pray Madam, (continu'd ſhe) let

us diſcourſe a little of your Affairs, and enquire how you do to preſerve your fair *Camilla*, whom I hear every body is catching at: Certainly that wonderful Beauty muſt have more than one Admirer at Court. Moſt certainly (reply'd *la Maintenon*, maliciouſly) that young Girl is every where but too much belov'd: Nay, 'tis ſaid moreover, his Highneſs the Duke of *Maine* is deſperately ſmitten with her. At this the Baroneſs began to bluſh, and ſpoke not a word after: Whereupon Madam *Maintenon* being curious, would needs know the cauſe of her ſilence. To which the Baroneſs reply'd in a negligent manner, That the matter was very indifferent to her; and therefore ſhe ſhould not give her ſelf the trouble to diſcourſe farther about it. Madam *Maintenon* well knowing the utmoſt ſecrets of her Heart, could not forbear ſmiling and teazing her farther with her ill Nature, thus: Truly, Madam, our famous *Camilla* makes a wonderous noiſe at Court. Cannot Mademoiſelle *de Nantes* (cry'd the Baroneſs interrupting her, being almoſt ready to burſt with Jealouſie) oppoſe this aſpiring Beauty? I know not that (reply'd Madam *Maintenon*,) but I believe ſhe has already got the Advantage to be pretty well aſſur'd of her Lover before-hand. For my part (quoth the Baroneſs in a ſcornful Tone) I ſhould take but little pains to ſecure to my ſelf ſuch a rambling Spark as the Duke; he has Miſtreſſes in every corner: The Brown, Black, Fair, Burly, whatever they be, all have Charms enough to

to engage him for a day or two; and longer you know he never cares for loving any body. And what would you require more (reply'd *la Maintenon*) from a Prince whose only Business is his Diversion? I wou'd have him (answer'd the Baroness) either resolve to be constant, or not pretend to love at all. Where can you expect to find such Lovers now-a-days? (answer'd *la Maintenon.*) The Age we live in, Madam, is fickle throughout, and would you have its Particulars more constant. If matters be as you say, Madam, (reply'd the Baroness) for my part I shall wish to die a Maid: I am confident that's the surest way to be easie. Very well, Madam, (continu'd *la Maintenon*) but pray of what use is Reason, when one's Heart is once wounded? We grieve and groan, but are never the better; for it often happens, that whatever is made use of to oppose this Passion, does but augment, instead of diminishing our Torture. Madam (reply'd the Baroness ready to laugh) when I was a Girl, I had an extravagant Passion for a young Cousin of mine, who was too near of kin to marry me: My Mother, observing our Familiarity, forbid me to come near him; but which had no better effect than to encrease my Inclination to see or write to him; insomuch that the poor Youth would often wish me a sharp Lecture, that he forsooth might reap the Benefit of my Disobedience. It is a defect of human Nature, Madam, (reply'd *la Maintenon*) to desire that most which we are strictest kept from, as likewise to reject and slight what we enjoy

and have in our power. Whilſt the Ladies were thus Moralizing each other, one of Madam *Maintenon*'s Pages came to acquaint her his Majeſty requir'd her Company immediately, which occaſion'd her forthwith to withdraw.

The Baroneſs thus finding her ſelf alone, reflected ſeriouſly upon all had been ſaid to her; and after having ſtrictly examin'd into the Duke of *Maine*'s Conduct, ſhe immediately broke out into immoderate Laughter, together with theſe words: Such a Lover as this ſhall never put me to the expence of a Sigh; where a Man can have a Paſſion in five or ſix places at once, we may well ſuſpect him of a Trick, and in whom for the moſt part a rambling Humour takes place of common Conſtancy. Nevertheleſs, this faithleſs and unſetled Prince has a thouſand times ſworn to me, that he was born to Love; and that where-ever he once fix'd his Affection, he was but too ſtrictly engag'd ever to enjoy any future Quiet. But (continu'd ſhe) is there any likelyhood of truth in his Words, when we may obſerve him oftner change his Miſtreſſes than his Cloaths! Nevertheleſs, if but a little Jealouſie could any ways have an Influence over his wandring Temper, or awake in him but the leaſt remembrance of my Charms which he formerly profeſs'd an Eſteem for, I would then make uſe of ſuch occaſion to obtain what I have always moſt ardently deſir'd.

Theſe amorous Thoughts employ'd the Baroneſs till Night, when knowing that the Dau-

Dauphin had prepar'd a magnificent Ball at Court, ſhe haſted thither with all imaginable Splendour, accompany'd only with an old Aunt, who tho' ſhe was above ſixty years of Age, yet nevertheleſs appear'd that Night trick'd up like a young Girl. This Marchioneſs *de Berge* (for ſo was her Name) was one of thoſe Women that ſtretch out their Youth to the greateſt extent: She was habited on this occaſion in Crimſon Velvet, with an extravagant company of yellow Top-knots flaunting upon her Head: Her Noſe was exceeding large, Eyes little, and Mouth wide even to her Ears; her Complexion generally ſallow, tho'in many places blear'd over with a better Colour. This ſurprizing old *Coquette*, who retains ſtill ſome taſte of Gaiety, loves to be told that ſuch an accompliſh'd Gallant languiſhes for her Deformity. But let us return to the Baroneſs *Olida* her Companion, who ſat next to her, to whom the Count *de Tolouſe* made ſuch hot Love, that the Duke of *Chartres* thought himſelf immediately oblig'd to acquaint the Duke of *Maine* therewith, telling him, his Fortreſs was aſſaulted; whereupon the Duke obſerving with what inclination ſhe endeavoured to raiſe his Jealouſie, Reply'd, I'll leave 'em together, let my Brother make his advantage. When turning haſtily about; he inſtantly went and caſt himſelf at the Feet of Mademoiſelle *de Bourbon*, who that day glitter'd more like an Angel than Fleſh and Blood, and who by her becoming Negligence, eclips'd all the laborious Endeavours of the moſt exercis'd Ladies.

What

What a Torture muſt it needs be to the Baroneſs to ſee her ſelf thus ſlighted! Nevertheleſs all ſhe cou'd do at preſent was to go away, feigning her ſelf indiſpos'd: But having once reach'd her Apartment, ſhe fell into ſo profound an Agony, that it was impoſſible for her ſpeedily to determine what ſhe intended to do. Shall I go to bed (ſays ſhe) when my Soul is ſo fir'd with an Affront from a Prince I have always lov'd ſo dearly?- - But what do I mean to confide in one whoſe Paſſion varies with the firſt Approaches of another of my Sex, and whoſe Affection is as inconſtant as his Indifference is cruel? No; I could never believe a Prince could be guilty of ſuch vulgar Volubility. With theſe ſad Reflections the Baroneſs thought to repoſe; but we may rather imagine ſhe had the moſt cruel and perſecuting Night that ever was undergone either by Deſpair or Revenge. The next Morning ſhe took a firm Reſolution never to love for the future but with Indifference. Ha! (cry'd ſhe, raving both in Verſe and Proſe,) be ſtill my Sighs, you have caus'd me but too much Grief already, and my Heart is but too ſenſible of the Scorn and Contempt of its Conqueror.

To what end's this Impertinence,
Since my Ungrateful ſerves me thus?
Be dumb, my Sighs, no more commence
Your Reign both vain and tyrannous.

I believe, Madam, (obſerv'd one of her Couſins) you frequently exerciſe your ſelf with the Muſes, and by the ſprightlyneſs of your Genius, often augment the Beauties of *Parnaſſus.*

Apollo, that God of Light and Heat, muſt needs now and then have preſented you with a draught of his *Helican*, or you could never have been ſo harmoniouſly inſpir'd. Alas! I know not what I do (Dear Couſin, reply'd the afflicted Baroneſs) Happy muſt they needs be, that are out of this wicked World, or who can avoid the Temptations of it. Why ſo (cry'd the Young Lady) is there any thing more engaging than Human Society? You know not what you ſay, Deareſt, (reply'd the Baroneſs) but go fetch me my Headdreſs. How Charming you are to day Madam (added the Young Lady, whilſt ſhe was dreſſing her) you muſt needs make innumerable Conqueſts with ſuch various Artillery. Alas (cry'd the Baroneſs) thou art deceiv'd; my Shafts have no force: My Heart is heavy, and Mind afflicted, and therefore neither like to be Charms in my Eyes, nor Darts in my Tongue. What pity 'tis (reply'd the Young Creature, ſighing) that ſo fair a Mouth ſhou'd be without Action, and ſo bright Eyes without Fire. *Mariana* (cry'd the Baroneſs) I think you will always continue a Buffoon. How can I help it, Madam, (reply'd the other) when it is wholly the effect of my Nature? I obſerve it, Deareſt, (quoth the Baroneſs, having a mind to divert her ſelf) But prithee entertain me a little with a deſcription of Love, tho' I am no extraordinary Votary to his Divinity. Madam (reply'd *Mariana*, ſmiling) I believe you are more than you'll care to confeſs. However, my account is this: Since Love was firſt created, he has all along made it his chief

Buſi-

Buſineſs to ſcatter his Shafts throughout the whole Univerſe; Scepters and Crowns have not been free from his Power, nor are there any vital Creatures but what have felt his Force. Nay, more, his Darts are chiefly level'd at the Innocent. Gods were never inſenſible of his Fury, nor Angels of his Force. This is the moſt Noble of all Paſſions. The Painters not being capable to expreſs his Eyes lively enough by Colours, have always been accuſtom'd to paint him blind. But how then cou'd he perform ſuch wonderful Conqueſts without Sight? Why that's eaſily anſwer'd: For when Love has once a mind to ſeize upon any Heart, he always makes uſe of ſome Fair Lady's Eyes to wound it; being (I ſuppoſe) perſwaded, that of all the Senſes *Seeing* is the moſt charming. But to carry our Reaſoning farther, let us affirm that Blindneſs can never arrive at any great Knowledge, the Eyes being but as Windows that let in the Light of Wiſdom and Underſtanding from thence. Moreover, 'tis commonly ſaid, that Love is a Boy; yet all nevertheleſs muſt allow him the greateſt Conqueror and moſt Learned Philoſopher, ſince he not only triumphs over every Man, but alſo confounds the moſt ſolid Reaſoning and ſublime Diſcourſes. Beſides all this, is there any thing more charming and ſo conformable to Reaſon, as an innocent Paſſion? And what Happineſs could ever any Mortal enjoy, if Love were once baniſh'd from our Globe? All other Pleaſures are but his Attendants, and Life without him would be no better than the extreameſt Torment.

How

How wonderful are thy Notions *Mariana*? (cry'd the Baroneſs,) Thou reviveſt Flames in my Heart, that I once Thought extinguiſh'd. You abuſe your ſelf Madam, (reply'd the Young Lady:) Love whilſt you are Young; your Charms will never laſt always. Thou ſay'ſt right Deareſt, (anſwered the Baroneſs,) but I would nevertheleſs Love like a Philoſopher, that is, only what is preſent, and that too but with Indifference. Ay, your Ladyſhip is a Wag, (reply'd *Mariana*;) I thought before that your Tongue ſtill diſſembled the Sentiments of your Heart. Away Fool, (cry'd the Baroneſs.) Adieu— I muſt leave you. But why in ſuch haſte Madam; (quoth the young Lady, ſtopping her,) whether are you going? What makes you Sigh when you are ſo lovely? ſure ſuch an Accompliſhed Beauty ought never to Languiſh. Yes Deareſt, (reply'd the Baroneſs, looking back upon her,) Love makes no diſtinctions 'twixt Fair and Ugly: A King may as well Languiſh on his Throne, as a Shepherd in his Sheep-Cot, For——.

Whilſt the Baroneſs was thus going on, the Abbot of *Fole cœur* entered and interupted her; to whom, turning about, ſhe thus Accoſted her ſelf. You come my Lord Abbot (cry'd ſhe,) in good time, *Mariana* was juſt entertaining me with Trifles, that ſhe ſays a Woman can never engage in without concern. How, (reply'd

the Abbot,) what ſays this lovely Charmer? Sure then ſhe was entertaining your Ladyſhip with Love. Yes the ſame, (quoth the Baroneſs) her Tongue is Eternally running upon that Subject. She has Reaſon, (reply'd the Abbot,) For it is the greateſt comfort of our Lives. Hereupon the Baroneſs being ſenſibly affected with the Abbots Addreſs, retired immediately into her Cloſet and threw her ſelf upon an Angel-Bed where the Abbot Sighing followed her, and Approaching Trembling told her, with a Mournful Air, That he was but too unhappy in being ſo Subject to a Woman's Eyes adding withal, that his Miſery was the greater, in that his Function permitted him to go no farther than his Breviary. How (reply'd the Baroneſs ſmiling,) Your Breviary ſure is no Woman? That's certain Madam, (anſwered the Abbot,) yet nevertheleſs, therein *Lent* is ſtrictly Commanded. But prethee my Lord, (cry'd the Lady interupting and taking him by the Hand,) Tell me if your Misfortune ſhould proceed ſo far as to occaſion a Woman of ſome Quality to Confeſs ſhe Lov'd you; What would you do I pray? Would you immediately hang your ſelf in her Garters? Is it poſſible Madam, (reply'd *Joli-cœur*,) that your Ladyſhip ſhould be ſo unacquainted with my ſincerity? It is moſt certain I ſhould Love her a Thouſand times beyond my ſelf

Enough

Enough, (quoth the Baroneſs,) you ſhall be farther conſidered hereafter.

Joli cœur by this time being deſperately ſmitten, inſtantly throws himſelf at the Baroneſſes Feet, and after boldly Advanc'd to her Embraces, where what they did I am not able to give any farther Account of. Let us now return to the Duke of *Maine*, who troubled his Head but little with any Miſtreſſes except the Fair *Camilla* then under Tutelage of Madam *Maintenon*. This Prince ſaw his amiable Object but ſeldom, which was the extreameſt occaſion of his Grief, nevertheleſs a Marriage being propoſed for him with *Mademoiſelle* de *Bourbon*, Daughter to the Prince of *Conde*, the greater part of his amorous *Ideas* were ſoon effac'd. This Marriage being at length Conſummated, his Highneſs for ſome time was conformable to the Reſtrictions of *Hymen*. After which, the King perceiving that one of his natural Daughters was ſtill unmarryd, reſolved to beſtow her on the Duke of *Chartres* his *Nephew*, and this by reaſon of a report made him by a certain Lord, that the Duke was deſperately in Love with *Mademoiſelle* de *Nantes* Siſter to the Duke of *Maine*. Enough (quoth the King) I'll ſoon turn the Scales: whereupon, one Day meeting this Prince with his Father the Duke of *Orleans* in his Cloſet, he talk't to him Roundly about the matter when his Father the Duke briskly oppoſed

his Complying, Perſiſting that for his part he would never conſent that his only Son ſhould marry a Baſtard. To whom then would you marry him (replyed the King) to ſome *German* Princeſs? I care not (quoth the Duke) providing ſhe be but Legitimate. Oh, you muſt paſs by theſe trifling Obſtacles (quoth the King) and remember that ſhe is the moſt Amiable as well as Beautifull Princeſs in *Europe*. I do not pretend Sir (reply'd the Duke) to diſpute her Beauty with your Majeſty, but her Birth only: Monſieur (continu'd the King with ſome heat) oblige me to——and let it Suffice, that He has no ordinary kindneſs for my Daughter.

The Duke of *Orleans*, being one of the beſt Natur'd, and none of the Wiſeſt Princes in *Europe*, ſoon ſuffered himſelf to be ouer-perſwaded by the King, inſomuch, that that very Night the Contract was ſign'd between 'em with out the Dutcheſſe's Privity, who afterwards coming to know it raved moſt Immoderately, and expreſs'd her Indignation in theſe Words. *What* (ſays ſhe) *have I prevented my Daughter's Marrying the Duke of* Maine, *and muſt his Siſter come in her place? Theſe are ſome of the Kings laudable Actions, who never yet had any other conſideration then his VVill.* Whilſt the Dutcheſs was thus Tormenting her ſelf, the Marriage of her Son went on apace, and being atlength Finiſh'd, the Dutcheſs of *Chartres* would needs

needs pay her Duty to her Mother-in-law the Dutcheſs of *Orleans*, Who receiv'd her but coldly, and told her moreover, with a great deal ofContempt,that ſhe could eaſily have diſpenc with ſuch a Viſit; and that ſo mean a Perſon as ſhe muſt never think hereafter to nitrench upon her Retirement. Very well might the Dutcheſs be concern'd at ſuch a Compliment, nevertheleſs, ſome Days after telling it to her Husband, he comforted her extreamly there upon and likewiſe endeavou'd to extenuate his Mothers Conduct. But the Duke of *Maine* for his part, was to grievouſly affronted at the Ducheſſe's Haughty Carriage, as well in regard to himſelf as his Siſter, that it was a great while after, before he would be wrought upon to go to Court.

Altho' his Highneſs the Duke of *Maine* was now Marry'd, he could yet never get the Incomparable *Camilla* out of his Head. It was eaſy for him to have frequent acceſs to her, Madam *Maintenon* her Governeſs being the principal Confident of his Amours. Moreover before, the King pich't upon her for his Miſtreſs, this Lady was likewiſe Governeſs to *Mademoiſelle* de *Tours* and de *Nantes*, his Highneſs's Siſters, as alſo to the Count of *Tolouſe his* Brother; all which reaſons were more then ſufficient to engage the Superiour of St. *Cir* to his ſide, who entertains in her Breaſt, even to this Day, both his Pleaſures and Diſguſts. It

was neceſſary for a Prince, ſo Gallant and Miſterious as his moſt Serene Highneſs, to have a Confident, Diſcreet and Intriguing as the Sage *Maintenon*. This Lady therefore perceiving how tenderly he Lov'd the Young *Camilla*, and that it was impoſſible for her to diſengage him, after having endeavour'd by a great many Arguments to convince him of his Conjugal Tie, at length reſolv'd to afford him ſecretly the ſight of this charming Creature. Hereupon St. *Cir* was deſtin'd for the Rendevous where he afterwards often Surfeited upon inconceivable Delights. One Day, as he was at Dinner with his Dutcheſs, the Freak took him all of a ſudden to go to St. *Cir*; whereupon this Princeſs ask'd him ſeriouſly what Pleaſure he could find in that place? Ah! Madam (reply'd the Prince) the charms I there meet with are a raviſhing Innocence and a moſt intrancing Tranquility, inſomuch that I cannot forbear approving the Scituation of that Houſe, which is much more fine and Singular then thoſe either of the *Invalides*, or Academies of Gentlemen; over and above which, we may there like wiſe ſee a great number of fine young Ladies, whom the King has plac'd under the conduct of a Perſon of eminent Virtue; ſo that this noble Retreat may very well be term'd an agreeable Amuſement. But (reply'd the Dutcheſs having ſome reaſon to diſtruſt from his Earneſtneſs) Prince will you

you Swear——for I cannot but be a little Jealous to ſee you go ſo often to a place where I know you have no buſineſs. Madam (anſwer'd the Duke) can you ſuſpect me of ſo baſe an Action? Loving you ſo tenderly as I do, (reply'd the Dutcheſs) I do not ſuſpect, However cannot but—— Ah! Madam (cry'd out the Duke Embracing her) can you then believe me capable of falſifying my Faith to you? Not altogether, (reply'd the Dutcheſs) but in part I muſt diſtruſt you: and if you ſhould injure me, ſure you would but imitate your Father *Lewis* the Great and Illuſtrious, who never yet made any great Scruple of breaking his Marraige Vows. I am not like my Father in that Madam, (anſwer'd the Prince coldly.) No matter (cry'd the Dutcheſs, leaving him) I muſt go and entertain a Lady juſt come to Viſit me: Prince you are at Liberty, you may act your Pleaſure.

The Duke thus ſeeing his Dutcheſs gone, made uſe of this Opportunity, and immediately Poſted away to St. *Cir*, where being arriv'd, he preſently enquired for the Lady Governeſs, and was ſoon convey'd to her Apartment, and from thence by Madam *Maintenon* as ſpeedily to *Camilla's* Chamber, who was then buſy Embroidering in Gold and Silver. He firſt Addreſſed himſelf to Madam *Maintenon*, Obſerving her Conduct in Domeſtick Affairs, and

telling her that if ſhe had lived in the time of the ancient *Romans*, ſhe would certainly have had the Education of all their Senators Daughters, and conſequently received great Honours and Advantages from that wiſe Common-Wealth. Your Highneſs (reply'd the Governeſs, with a Modeſt and Pious Air,) is always pleaſed to regale me with an account of my Defects. Say rather your Virtues Madam, (anſwer'd the Duke *levelling* at the ſame time a Paſſionate Ogle at his Miſtreſs, who kept on Working, without ſo much as once looking up,) My noble Prince, (reply'd the ſage *Maintenon*) to prevent ill is as great a Virtue as to Redreſs it, and in that I ſhall endeavour to exerciſe my ſelf, where I am not capable of greater Atcheivments; But I muſt beg you Highneſſes Pardon for a Moment, the neceſſary Affairs of the Family requiring my ſo doing.

The Duke of *Maine* finding himſelf thus alone with his Lov'd *Camilla*, acoſted her after this manner. How happy, Deareſt Creature, am I to meet ſo charming a Perſon, in a place no leſs a Favourite of Nature. Afterwards obſerving this fair Ladies Cypher on the top of her Cabinet, (he cry'd out ſighing) God! Is there any thing more Engaging good and better Fancy'd? But (continued he) would it not be much more agreeable if my Name were added to it. Sir, (reply'd *Camilla* ſmiling) if your Highneſs's plea-

pleaſure had been known before, we would have ſeen what might have been done. Oh! Divineſt Creature, (cry'd the Duke throwing himſelf at her Feet,) you are but too good. Is it poſſible your Heart ſhould ever correſpond with your Words? Upon this the fair Nymph bluſhed, and Anſwered only with a Sigh. To what muſt I attribute this ſilence Madam, (continued the Duke) Muſt I explain it in my Favour, or receive it for my Doom? Do as you pleaſe Sir, (anſwer'd the bright Creature a little fearfully.)How (reply'd the Duke all on Fire,) am I then ſo happy? Give me but thy dear Hand, and I will confirm my Sincerity with my Lips. Then ſnatching it cloſe to his Mouth for about a quarter of an Hour; he afterwards releaſed it with this Aſſeveration. When I neglect any thing to convince thee of my eſteem, may I never more deſerve thy Encouragment, and therefore Deareſt permit me but to make uſe of this happy Opportunity, to inform thee of the Conqueſt thou haſt gain'd over my Heart, and I ſhall then reach the very utmoſt heights of all Happineſs. *Camilla* being no great Talker, was eaſily ſilenc'd at this Narration, and the Prince at the ſame time flattered himſelf with not being altogether Repulſed. Do not wonder, Deareſt of Charmers, (continu'd he ſtriving to Kiſs her) if I raviſh a bleſſing from thoſe lovely Lips, for I am all on Fire when I but ſee

thee, and when I do not, the bare Memory of thee furniſhes me with but too ſevere Proofs of thy Abſence. My Prince (reply'd the Nymph) All Men in general have ever made it their buſineſs to deceive us poor Women; they lead us into Snares and never care for coming near 'em themſelves. Alas Madam (reply'd the Duke ſighing) In adoring ſo bright a Creature, I would willingly run all hazards; 'tis what I have already begun, and which I will endeavour to finiſh at the Expence of my Life. But Sir, (inſinuated the Bright *Camilla*) all this while your Highneſs forgets your Marriage Vow; I would fain know what Advantage can any Woman expect from Doting on one who muſt reaſonably be ſuppoſed to be an others. Ah good God! (reply'd the Prince,) If I had had ſo much Power over my deſtiny as to be altogether yours, I ſhould have been truly happy. But——. Quarrel not with your Lot Prince, (reply'd *Camalla* briskly,) You might not have been ſo happy as you imagine. Why ſo lovely Charmer, (cry'd the Duke with a Melancholy Air,) for pity's ſake give me your Reaſon. My Lord, (reply'd *Camilla*,) I am by no means endued with any of thoſe Qualities you expect; for I am Indifferent, Jealous, and often times in a very ill humour. No matter Bright Angel, (anſwer'd the Duke) it may be ſome kind Planet may move in my Favour, and one time or other make you

you more Reaſonable. Your Highneſs is a little too Vain in my Opinion, (cry'd the fair *Camilla* ſmiling) But which does not altogether unbecome a Perſon of your Quality. Nevertheleſs, when you ſhall be no longer lock'd up in *Hymen*'s Fetters, (continu'd ſhe pleaſantly,) it may be I may be better adviſ'd from my Heart. How endearing are theſe Expreſſions Madam, (reply'd the Duke,) I can never be enough thankful for 'em. But Alas! (added he with an Amorous Air,) theſe Bleſſings are but imaginary and I would have 'em real. *Camilla* who read the Duke's Paſſion in his Eyes forbore ſpeaking for ſome time; at laſt ſaid, my Prince, I muſt not wholly abandon you to your tender Reflections; I obſerve you Uneaſie, Melancholy, and as it were buried in exceſs of Thought. What would you have me to ſay charming Creature (reply'd the Duke, waking as it were out of a Trance,) you will not own you Love. Who told you ſo, (reply'd *Camilla* ready to Laugh. Your ſelf Fair Inhumane, (anſwered the Duke looking languiſhing upon her) you take Pleaſure in Murdering all that look upon you, by which means you will ſhortly diſpeople *France*, and expoſe us to the inſults of our Neighbours. This is to carry the Hyperbole too far my Lord, (cry'd *Camilla*,) Are Men ever kill'd without Arms or Blows? Sure then they muſt be like Flies that are caught Flying and Stifled with a

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ſqueeze. No lovely Fair one, (reply'd the Duke,)the Wounds that Murder us proceed from your Eyes, and it is impoſſible but that every Man that ſees you ſhould dye at your Feet. I never knew a Gentleman yet die with Love,(anſwer'd *Camilla* pleaſantly,)unleſs it were in Paper where the Paſſions had been warmly repreſented by ſome Agony: but for my part I am reſolved never to favour any Languiſhing Flame; a little Fire to relliſh Pleaſure would be much more to my liking. That might well be Madam, (reply'd the Duke,) if a Man were but Maſter of himſelf, when a true Lover has no Spirit, Reſolution, nor Gaiety, but is always Heavy, Timorous and Drowzy, like an Owl at Noon day: moreover he is both a trouble to himſelf and Friends, and a Plague to every body elſe; minding nothing but Woods and Willows, to tell the Story of his Grief to. Then I find (cry'd *Camilla* a little coldly,) Love-Martyrdom, now-a days is more tolerable than heretofore, when *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe* willingly let out their Souls to enjoy each other in the Shades. Thanks be to Heaven the World is mightily come off from thoſe Frenſies, and we may now deſpair without danger either of a Dagger or a Halter. Times are extremely mended indeed Madam, (anſwer'd the Duke,) the methods of Loving in our Times (it muſt be Confeſs'd) are much more agreeable; for now, if we cannot

not ſoften an Heart by Sighs we endeavour only to do it by Tears and not by violent Remedies. *Camilla* finding her ſelf mov'd by the Dukes Converſation, which has frequently approv'd it ſelf dangerous to thoſe he really Lov'd, could not refuſe him ſome little Liberties, which yet did not arrive at any great Scandal. But alas! it was now time for Madam *Maintenon* to return; whereupon the young Lady, being juſt ready to Shipwrack her Reputation, hearing her Governeſſes Voice, haſtily caught up her Fan to refreſh her Countenance, which you may imagine, had been ſufficiently heated in refuſing what ſhe moſt deſired. Madam *Maintenon* always being inclin'd to favour the Princes Amours, ſaid not one Word to her, nor ſeem'd in the leaſt to take notice of what had paſſed, but as a kind Indulgent ſhe-Friend, preſently turn'd the Diſcourſe another way. A little while after ſhe conducted his Highneſs to a Pleaſant Grotto at the foot of a ſmall Hill, covered all over with Green Moſs, and Planted with an infinite number of fine Orange Trees; here ſhe entertain'd him with the ſight of a great many pleaſant Statues, ſuch as *Jupiter* and *Venus*, the Muſes, *Apollo*, *Diana* in her hunting Habit, and Love levelling a Dart at her: a little farther ſhe ſhew'd him ſeveral Heroes, amongſt which was the *Grand Louis*, with *Mars* ſupporting his Arm, and *Victory* preſenting her Lawrels. Here is the Repreſentation of

a Man, (obſerv'd the Duke,) whoſe Memory will be as laſting as his Actions are daring. 'Tis certain (reply'd the Governeſs) that his Noble and Heroick Atchievements ſhall out live Time, and future Ages will be ſufficiently employ'd, but to do Juſtice to his Merit: His Majeſty has ſo refin'd all the Pleaſures of his Court by the Innocency of his own, and made himſelf a moſt abſolute Maſter of his Paſſions, even at a time when Vice is ſo very difficult to Conquer. What Prince, what Hero (continu'd ſhe) can be equal'd to our mighty Monarch! If he makes Laws he Obeys 'em, and Reforms Libertines barely by his unblemiſh'd Piety: His Predeceſſors have buſied themſelves only in building ſtately Structures, and raiſing vaſt Pyramids to Vanity, when his chiefeſt Aim is to Model the World after his ſublime example. *Cirus*, *Alexander*, *Cæſar*, and *Auguſtus*, have no body (I dare promiſe) here on Earth will diſpute the Succeſſion to their Virtues, with *Lewis* the Great. All the Kings Atchivement, Madam, (reply'd the Duke) are equally Illuſtrious and Admirable, and which (I do not queſtion) will fare better than thoſe of Antiquity, which are to be found only in Hiſtory, when times to come ſhall not only write but talk inceſſantly of his Glories.

The Duke of *Maine* perceiving the Night come on apace, immediately took leave of the Superiour of St. *Cir*, and haſted home to

to his Spouſe, who all this while attended him with great Impatience, and who at his firſt Entrance asked him Sorrowfully where he had been ſo long from her? With my Miſtreſs Child,(reply'd the Duke merrily) I could not poſſibly get from her ſooner. I have known many a true Word ſpoke in Jeſt (anſwer'd the Dutcheſs.) But pray what is that Beauty which has ſo great an Influence over you? I know none charming enough about Court, therefore ſure it muſt needs be one of Madam *Maintenon*'s *Serraglio*. hereupon the Duke bluſh'd and ſaid nothing; which was ſufficient reaſon for the jealous Dutcheſs to have but an ordinary opinion of his Conduct; nevertheleſs, thinking it fruitleſs, ſhe ſaid no more to him at that time but immediately went out. At Supper ſhe had another Fling at him, but to as little purpoſe as the former, for he had ſcarce heard three Words before he took a Candle and went up to his Chamber, leaving his unhappy Conſort, to drown her griefs in Tears. Next Day his Highneſs went a Hunting with the *Dauphin*, and after Dinner poſted away afreſh to his bright *Camilla*, who hearkned to him yet more and more favourably. For a Week and above the Duke ſpoke not one Word to his Dutcheſs, his ſullenneſs being upon this occaſion without Paralell, where upon ſhe thought it but reaſonable to complain to her Father the Prince

Prince of *Conde*, who promis'd forthwith to acquaint the King; but she entreated him by all means to forbear, giving him to understand that her Misfortunes then might reach but too far, when they should rather bestified and Suppressed, her Husband being but Young, and therefore likely to see his Errour in a short time. Madam, reply'd the Prince, you Reason like A she-Philosopher; but I would fain know who is this Lady that presumes to entrench upon your Right. That Sir I cannot satisfy you in as yet (answered the Dutchess) but I have reason to suspect Madam *Maintenon* to be the Cause; she never yet wanted Fuell to feed a Volatile Flame: She has under her Tuition wherewithall to occasion Jealousys enough besides I could never fancy that foundation to be so very free from Vice as is commoly imagin'd. O Heavens! (Exclaim'd the Prince,) you certainly do her a great deal of wrong: Can you think she would encourage Vice in a place which is consecrated to Vertue! Ah Sir, (reply'd the Dutchess) I am but too well acquainted with her Genius; I know her to be a passionate Lover of Intrigues, and that that Holy Habit she Wears, is but the better to disguise her Hipocrisy; I dare assure your Highness she Women are not always busied about the *Litany*. Moreover she is a great Confident of my Lords, having as it were brought him up, and therefore tho' he was dis-

diſpos'd to Intrigue elſewhere, it might be reaſonably Conjectur'd ſhe would not give him leave. Madam, (anſwer'd the Prince,) I can believe nothing of this kind, therefore endeavour to ſettle your diſturbances and reſolve——. Ha! What Sir, will you not then believe it? (reply'd the Dutcheſs) a little time will clear all, and evince the Truth; and grant Heaven I do not prove a Propheteſs at my own coſts.

The Prince of *Conde* thus having endeavour'd to calm his Daughters Afflictions, left her no leſs indiſpos'd; ſo that being willing to be farther ſatisfy'd, he went to his Son's the Duke of *Bourbon*, of whom he demanded Smiling, if St. *Cir* had any Beauties capable of charming a Prince? Yes in truth Sir, has it (anſwer'd the Duke,) there are ſome even fit to engage a God, eſpecially one wonderfuly fair——whom it is impoſſible to ſee without the moſt ſenſible Regret, if not receiv'd, and for my own part, I never yet beheld any Woman ſo worthy of a laſting Amour. How, (ſaid the Prince rubbing his Forehead,) What do you call her? What is her Name? Sir, (reply'd the Duke) 'tis Mademoiſelle *de*———. Oh! (quoth the Prince) I know her Family; is ſhe then ſo handſome? Yes, (reply'd the Duke) more Beautiful than an Angel, and no leſs charming than a Cherubin. I have heard ſay, (anſwer'd the Prince cunningly,) that ſhe is engaged to a Young Duke about Court.

True Sir,(reply'd the Duke of *Bourbon* bluntly) 'tis to the Duke of *Maine*. How, (quoth the Prince diſſembling,) you amaze me; it cannot be he ſure: the Duke of *Maine* who was ſo lately Married! How can he think already of other Amours? I'll aſſure you I can give but little Credit to this. 'Tis ſo reported Sir, (reply'd the Duke) I know no more; Perhaps it may not be True. I believe it is not,(anſwer'd the Prince,)nevertheleſs I'll go and make a viſit to the Superiour of St. *Cir*; Perhaps I may ſee this *Mademoiſelle de*——— whoſe Father I was ſo intimately acquainted with, and who approv'd himſelf ſo true and Faithful a Friend to me upon many Accounts.

The Prince of *Conde*, being arriv'd at St. *Cir*, enquired for Madam *Maintenon*, who readily waited on him, and whom the Prince,after ſome diſcourſe about indifferent Matters,deſired the Favour of to oblige him with the ſight of a young Lady he nam'd to her, who was under her Tuition, and likewiſe Daughter to one of his moſt intimate Friends. Madam *Maintenon* not being able to refuſe his Highneſſes requeſt, cauſed *Camilla* forthwith to appear before him; who ſoon made good the Character the Duke of *Bourbon* had given of her, and which Occaſion'd the Prince to Addreſs himſelf to her after this manner; Madam, (quoth he) Fame, the common Flatterer, has approv'd her ſelf very much your Ene-

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my, for tho' ſhe has publiſh'd a ſurpriſing Account of your extraordinary Qualities, yet by the ſight of you, we find you a thouſand times more deſerving. *Camilla* anſwer'd his Highneſſes Compliments with ſo engaging an Air, that even the Prince himſelf ſoon felt the force of her Charms; for ſome Days afterwards, he told the Duke of *Bourbon* that he could no longer admire at the Duke of *Maine*'s Paſſion for ſo beautiful a Creature. Alas! (added he with a great deal of Concern,) if I my ſelf were but to ſee her often, ſhe would infallibly force me under the like Miſcarriage. I remember I have read ſomwhere in the Hiſtory of *France*, That one of our Kings fell ſo deſperately in Love with his Son's Miſtreſs, that what he Condemn'd before in him, he afterwards approv'd of himſelf, and from his Father ſoon became his Rival. I ſhould not think it proper to let the Dutcheſs know any thing of this, (quoth the Duke of *Bourbon*) Alas! (reply'd the Prince,) ſhe poor Woman knows but too much already; her Huſbands coldneſs eaſily convinces her of the Truth of it, and for my part, I know not what Remedy to preſcribe for her eaſe. Does your Highneſs believe (quoth the D. of *Bourbon*) that Madam *Maintenon* will ever ſuffer matters to exceed Modeſty and good Manners? I can't tell you that, (reply'd the Prince,) but the Caſe is a little dangerous; however, be you ſure for your part to

keep your Wife from the Knowledge of it, for fear ſhe ſhould out with all to the Dutcheſs of *Maine*, and in the mean time perhaps the Duke may weary himſelf out with Sighing in vain at his Beauties Feet, who ſeem'd to me not to be a little Haughty; nevertheleſs ſo favourable a beginning of an Amour does not promiſe any probable ſatisfaction to the Dutcheſs my Daughter in a diſappointment. Notwithſtanding it is her Reſolution to diſſemble her Sentiments to her Husband, and perhaps that may work ſome good effect upon him; for we have often known ſeveral Virtuous Women reform their Husbands Extravagancies barely by their Patience and Ingenuity.

The Prince of *Conde* was Reaſoning after this manner when the Dutcheſs of *Maine* came in, whereupon the Dutcheſs of *Bourbon* was immediately ſent for to entertain her Highneſs at Play. Afterwards ſeveral other great Perſons coming in, and a Magnificent Banquet being ſerv'd up, they fell to Diſcourſe at Table of the ſeveral Paſſions that preſide in the Heart of Man. Alas! (cry'd the Dutcheſs of *Maine* Mournfully) If Men did but follow the Morality of the Goſpel, there would not ſo many Vices reign among Chriſtians; Wives would be faithful to their Husbands, and Husbands to their Wives; Ingratitude would be baniſh'd from the World, with all the other numerous Sins, that both Diſhonour the Church, and Injure ones

ones Neighbour. Madam, (quoth the Prince of *Conti* ſmiling) what your Highneſs has been pleaſed to urge is moſt true, but nevertheleſs, oftentimes Cuſtom and Converſation make us, what we ſhould otherwiſe never have been. This is very well, (anſwer'd the Dutcheſs) let us then follow the Morality of the Court, and Surfeit upon Politicks and Pleaſures: Is there not likewiſe a kind of Morality in Gallantry, which provides that in Caſe we be not faithleſs, we may be as wanton as we pleaſe? I agree with your Highneſs Madam, (reply'd the Prince,) and if I were diſcourſing before Ladies of that Character, I would take care of ſaying that their Affected Dreſſes, ſoft and languiſhing Airs, fancy'd mien, and Coquettiſh Behaviour were altogether oppoſite to the Goſpel likewiſe. Don't be ſo ſevere upon our Sex, my Lord, (reply'd the Dutcheſs) I humbly beſeech you, for I could eaſily demonſtrate Men are more Coquettiſh and Inconſtant in their Tempers than we, and this as they are leſs capable of being otherwiſe: In a Word, They never oppoſe their Inclinations, and it would be eaſier for them to live without Meat and Drink, than to deny themſelves the Rambling Pleaſure of running after pretty Women. This diſcourſe of the Dutcheſs made all the Company laugh, being Calculated on purpoſe for her Husband, who was juſt then entring the Room, and which gave

him occaſion to anſwer after this manner. Faith Madam, Love is but a ſlender Diet, and there are but very few that can make a Meal upon their Miſtreſs favours; it regales our Minds and Bodies indeed, but nevertheleſs, it muſt be when we have well Din'd before.

This thought of the Dukes made every body Laugh likewiſe, and all thereupon were of Opinion that there were falſe Moralls in the World, as alſo of different kinds. don't ye know (continu'd the Duke) that thoſe Thieves who do not kill have one kind of Morality, and ſuch Women as cannot Cuckold their Husbands another: Both theſe pretend an Obligation to 'em, for not driving things to Extremity, ſo that almoſt every body has a Morality according to his own Fancie: I likewiſe am reſolv'd to have one of my Chooſing, and intend Faithfully to obey the Dictates it Inſpires. You have had one a good while, my Lord (reply'd the Ducheſs) which has fill'd your Head top full of generous Notions and——Madam (quoth the Duke interrupting her being unwilling to enter into particulars of his Conduct with his Wife) nothing confirms Friend ſhip more than a laſting Converſation, and tis therefore that when I was a Boy, having an Extraordinary Kindneſs for the fair *Cephiſa*, the amiable Object will never be root'd out of my mind. What a malicious Creature art thou

thou, Prince (quoth the Duke of *Bourbon* clapping him on the Shoulder) to endeavour to make my Sister believe thou couldst have a greater respect for any other than her, who Loves thee so dearly. Prince (reply'd the Duke angrily) If I had but thought I should ever have been a slave to a Woman I would never have been Marry'd; but, as it is, let my Wife Pursue her Inclinations, and I'll follow mine-

He had no sooner spoke this but he instantly left the Company with out so much as a Word more. Ah! (cry'd the Prince of *Conde* dissembling his Displeasure) see here is a Prince rash and Violent, but who nevertheless, being Young, there is some hopes of his reforming. All the company agreed with his Highness, and afterwards taking a Turn or two in the Garden, plac'd themselves in a green Arbour, which might better be call'd a little Isle being surrounded by a small Stream which fell thence into a green turfed Bason; causing an agreable Murmure, but which nevertheless did not interupt the Conversation a whit. Every body except the Dutchess of *Maine* was affected with this pleasant Retirement, but she Melancholy, and Heavy, soon return'd to her Apartment. I must needs be very unhappy (said she sighing to one of her Confidentes) to have a Person of the Duke of *Maine's* humour to my Husband, who 'tis plain, will never fail to follow the Footsteps

of his Father Lewis the Great, and his Mother Madam *Monteſpan*, who is the moſt Voluptuous and Libidinous Woman in the World; and if I had but minded my Grand-Father the deceaſ'd Prince of *Conde*, who had a moſt diſtinguiſhing Head, and could foreſee things at the greateſt diſtance, I had never conſented to this Mariage, which is like to give me ſo much trouble and Vexation. Madam (anſwered the Confident) a great deal of Care muſt be taken in the Choice of what one Pitches upon, and likewiſe to know why we prefer one thing to another, that we may be able to give an Account when requir'd. If any body blame your choice whoſe fault is it? Your illuſtrious Spouſe perhaps pleaſ'd you without knowing whether the eſteem your profeſs'd for him, was well grounded or not; we muſt know how to limit the bounds of our Paſſion, and Admiration without ſuffering it to tranſport us beyond Reaſon. Thou ſayſt true my dear *Marchioneſs* (reply'd the Dutcheſs) I did not examine far enough into the Duke's Temper before I ſuffer'd my ſelf to be overcome by his Wit, Addreſs, and a certain fooliſh wanton Air, which we Women are not able to withſtand: And laſtly into his falſe pretended Love, which nevertheleſs, he ſwore a Thouſand times to be ſincere and without Ceaſing. Ah Madam, (anſwer'd the Confident) theſe are the ordinary

ry means that render our well meaning bubbled by the Treachery and Perjury of Men, who never fail to deceive us whenever it comes into their Power. No doubt your Highneſs has ſhew'd but too much Fondneſs and Kindneſs to my Lord Duke. There would have been leſs danger in giving ſome Innocent Proofs of your Paſſion to a Lover, who for Family Reaſons, could not marry, than to ſhew ſo much Love to a Husband: I have experienced what I aſſert to my loſs, and therefore I hope may be the better Credited.

I own Madam, (reply'd the Dutcheſs,) that Marriage ſeems to me a Rock deſign'd to Ship wrack Humane Felicity; as likewiſe that 'tis my Opinion, Love ought only to be a Sojourner with us during our Infancy, and that we would do well only to marry Fools, or great Lords to keep up our Families; But to enter the Matrimonial Nooſe with deſign either to meet with Happineſs or Content, is an extream Folly. True Madam, (anſwer'd the Marchioneſs) All the Attendants of *Hymen* are vain Hopes and tedious Diſappointments; and that to be truly Happy in this World, the beſt way were to turn Philoſopher, that is to enjoy the preſent, take no Care for the future, and to make Indifference and Quiet our chief Favourites. Theſe Leſſons (reply'd the Dutcheſs Mournfully) were admirable, for thoſe that could Practice 'em; but on

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the contrary, How many do we Daily ſee in the World, who make a thouſand Reſolutions never to marry, Yet by a fatal Lot, moſt oppoſite to their Intentions, Courſe the Bridal-God about like Mad People, till by that *Ignis fatuus* they are led through Brakes and Briers into the very Whirlpool of all Miſery. Madam, (reply'd the Lady,) don't your Highneſs know which is the beſt Path to follow in this *Labyrinth*; you ſhould never ſuffer your ſelf to be Guided by Paſſion, but altogether by Reaſon and Intereſt. But (anſwer'd the Dutcheſs) What ſhall they then do that Love has the greateſt Power over? Conſtraint you know, is an inexpreſſible Torment. I grant you that, (reply'd the Lady,) but where their Misfortune is ſo great as to favour a Man before they have marry'd him, he will not fail afterwards to believe that they can have the ſame kindneſs for any Body elſe: When we deſign to take any Man to our Arms, we ought only to acquaint him with our eſteem for his Merit, and conceal the Love we have for his Perſon. Will a Man think you Madam, (interpoſed the Count of *Toulouſe*, walking up to 'em,) be content with ſuch Indifference? I have Over-heard (continu'd he) part of your Converſation. I cant tell that Sir, (reply'd the Lady Smiling) Men I grant you muſt be made alittle much of, otherwiſe they'l ſoon deſert. Never-

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theleſs (continu'd he) In caſe of Husbands, it muſt needs be a grievous Misfortune to an honeſt Man, to dote upon a Woman, whoſe flame is wholy Extinguiſh'd. But for my part, I declare my ſelf an utter Enemy to Marriage; and my reaſon is becauſe the laſt *Miſtreſs* I had, play'd me falſe, when I afterwards obſerving in her Eyes, that ſhe had a mind to come on again, I thank'd her kindly for her Love, and ſung her the following Words.

Who er'e can calm his Paſſion nere was True:
An Heart that once could Love will always do.

This is to treat Love like a Soldier; (quoth the Dutcheſs of *Maine* ſmiling) and to let us know moreover, that your Paſſion never ſtrays out of call of your Reaſon; but yet there is ſome thing remaining in your Eyes, that perſwades me you ſtill have more than ordinary kindneſs for your Miſtreſs; And Im' of opinion thoſe verſes the Duke of *Chartres* ſent a Lady, who pretended ſhe could Love no longer; are very proper to be apply'd to your Caſe.

How eaſie is a Flame renew'd,
Whoſe Snuff retains but too much Fire?
So is a Lovers Heart ſubdu'd
By the leaſt Spark of a Deſire.

I am of the ſame Opinion Madam, (reply'd the Count) and have ſome times practis'd accordingly; but as to this Lady, I have determin'd to perſiſt in my Reſolutions, becauſe ſhe has often repeated the like Inconſtancy. Love it muſt be granted, Sir, (reply'd the Dutcheſs,) whether True or Falſe, is not very eaſy to be withſtood. Madam, (Interrupted her Friend, who had not yet offer'd her Sentiments,) As I have ſaid before, your Highneſs ſees that it were beſt to turn Philoſopher, and Dote only upon the Arts and Sciences, for all other Love is but a Torment. The Converſation run ſtill upon this Subject, when the Duke of *Maine* enter'd the Chamber, who after having taking due notice of the Company, clap'd himſelf down upon a Squab Couch, and fell to Reading a ſmall Novel, call'd *The Jealous Wives*. Certainly (quoth the Count of *Toloufe*, looking over his Shoulder) this muſt be a very pretty Book: Nothing pleaſes me ſo much as to ſee a Woman play her Part well that way. And on the contrary (reply'd the Duke bluntly, ſtriking his Hand upon the Table,) nothing to me is ſo a greater Torment. The Dutcheſs hereupon, caſt down her Eyes and Anſwer'd not one Word; and ſoon after entering her Chamber, fell to her former Agony, and ſhed abundance of Tears, which the Duke yet took no care to wipe off. Good God! (exclaim'd the unhappy Princeſs,) How deaf

deaf is this Lord to my Griefs, and how regardleſs of my Sighs! The Duke of *Maine* hearing her Lament, could no longer forbear going to ask her with a great deal of Concern, what ſhe ail'd? Do you then my Lord ask me that Queſtion, (reply'd the Princeſs very ſorrowfully) I have but too too ſufficient Reaſon; ſure whilſt I have learn'd that you Love me no more, but have altogether beſtow'd your Heart on another. What a Fantaſtical humour (quoth the Duke) have you Madam got in your head? your Sex are ever fond of theſe ſort of Fancies to diſturb ye: I tell you Madam, if you will believe me, I am ſtill, and will always be yours, and tho' I may not continue the ſame triffling Dalliance that attends Love in its Birth, I have nevertheleſs the ſame kindneſs for you. Marriage and an entire Poſſeſſion of what one Loves, diſpiſes this Fooliſh niceneſs. I am ſatisfy'd my dear Duke (cry'd the Dutcheſs, throwing her Arms about his Neck,) but notwithſtanding you muſt give me leave to fear you do not Love me only. 'Tis but your groundleſs Fancy Madam, (quoth the Duke) as I told you before: Come rid your ſelf of theſe unkind Suſpicions, which are little ſuiting with your Temper and Quality. Alas (reply'd the Dutcheſs ſighing,) then I have been baſely miſinform'd, for I have been told Deareſt, that you Love Mademoiſelle *de* ——— to Diſtruction, who 'tis reported is the greateſt

eſt Beauty of all Madam *Maintenon's Seraglio*. The World then knows more than I my Dear, (anſwer'd the Duke) The Lady you ſpeak of is indeed wonderfully Handſom, but the Acceſs to her Heart is no leſs difficult, and beſides if ſhe were never ſo eaſy to Conquer a marry'd Man as I am ſure would ſigh at her Feet but with a very ill Grace. There are ſome Coquetts in the World, (reply'd the Dutcheſs) will give themſelves the hearing of all a Man can ſay to 'em for Diverſions ſake; but is it poſſible for any Woman to reſiſt you, who have the greateſt Talent imaginable for ſuch Addreſſes. The Duke laught heartily at his Dutcheſs's Compliment, and graſping her cloſe to his Boſom, told her, ſhe was a little Impertinent Gipſy, and took Pleaſure in vexing him. But (continu'd he) be aſſured deareſt, my Heart ſhall be altogether thine, therefore if you would oblige me, let me hear no more of theſe Diſtruſts, (adding moreover) Jealouſy never becomes a Perſon of your Birth; I know its cauſe is grounded on Love, but having no juſt Foundation, I hope you'll have regard for the future, both to my quiet and your own. But will you then ſwear to be Conſtant Prince (quoth the Dutcheſs) for——muſt Perſons only be believ'd, on their Oaths in this Caſe, Madam, (reply'd the Duke) I thought you had known me better than to diſtruſt me. Ah Sir, (quoth the Dutcheſs ſigh-

ſighing) but that part of a Man is always moſt Subject to vary, therefore —— whilſt the Dutcheſs was going on with her Reflections, a Servant of the Dukes interupted her, bringing his Lord a Letter. The Dutcheſs at this being a little ſurpriz'd, haſtily caught it out of his Hand, but not being able to maintain her Conqueſt, ſhe was ſoon forc'd to let go her hold, and leave the Prince at Liberty, who retiring into his Apartment, ſhut to the door, and read theſe following Words, from an old Miſtreſs of his, the Counteſs *Bridget*.

YOur Silence and Indifference (Prince) equally injure my Love, which is but too much in extream. How can you have the Heart to cauſe her ſo much Torment, whom you have ſo often Sworn to Love all your Life long? The Hoſtages your Highneſs ſent as a Pledge of your Faith impatiently wait their Return. But Alas! how long is your Promiſe in performing, which has ſo often Charm'd me, but with its Memory, and which at preſent, gives me the greateſt Delight? Alas! Why is ſo ſmall a Favour refus'd me, after my frequent Proteſtations, that I Love you more than ever, and in ſpite of your Inconſtancy, that your Company will be ſtill dear to me. But Alas, to how little purpoſe is it to write to you after this manner, ſince you have no more pity left for your poor unfortunate Bridget. *This is in the Mouth of every Body, which occaſions me an acknowledging Bluſh: Ah Cruel Remembrance of my Infamous*

Infamous Action to comply with your Request? Ages to come will Condemn my Ingratitude and Infidelity to my Husband for your ſake, whilſt I am aſſur'd of no better recompence than the Cruelleſt remorſe of Conſcience that ever was, though I muſt at the ſame time own it is ſometimes Alleviated by my Love; however, Ungratefull Prince, when I think how you have rejected me as the very worſt of Women, I cannot but disdaine the unworthy Uſage, ſo unbecoming a Perſon of your Character; nevertheleſs if you ſhould ever think fit to be ſorry for your paſt Omiſſion; Tis odds, but I could be ſo weak as to pardon you, and this to make good that Maxim *which ſays, That whoever but once Lov'd well, can never, by any means, be brought to Hate.*

The Counteſs *Bridget.*

The concluſion of this Letter pleas'd the Duke infinitely, inſomuch that he read it over ſeveral times before he could put it up. She's in the right (quoth he) they that have once beſtow'd their Hearts, can ſcarce ever afterwards be made to call 'em back. But your Misfortune (rejected Counteſs continu'd he) was not to have charm'd me to that Degree: Your Chains were eaſily broken, being not over ſtrong, and according to all Appearance you have abundantly more Love for me, than ever

ſhe

it was poſſible for me to have for you. Thus his Highneſs entertain'd himſelf ſome part of the Night, but aſſoon as Day pee-p'd, he was engag'd to mount on Horſe-back, to go a Hunting with ſome Lords, to all whom he ſhew'd the Counteſſe's Letter, after having torn off her Name. Are Ladies then us'd to beſtow their Favours ſo Prodigally (quoth the Duke of *Bourbon* laughing) I know not who your Correſpondent is, but nevertheleſs am ſure her Stile is none of the leaſt Paſſionate. Oh! Tis a Lovely Creature (reply'd the Duke of *Maine* ſmiling) and any body elſe perhaps would be glad of what I refuſe. Would ſhe think you my Lord——(quoth the Duke of *Bourbon*) I have a Friend has occaſion for ſuch a Female. There's not a fitter for his purpoſe (reply'd the Duke of *Main*) providing her Husband don't come to know it. Oh! (quoth the Duke of *Bourbon*) I thought ſhe had been ſome Virgin, who had had a mind to Communicate her Maidenhead. Foh, my Friend will never care to have to do with a Woman that has a Husband. I believe you may keep her to your ſelf my Lord, (continu'd he) tis plain ſhe knows you or ſhe would never have writ ſo kindly. Yes (anſwer'd the Duke) I have ſome ſmall knowledge of her, her Name, as I remember, is Madam *Freelove*: I'll aſſure you ſhe was no ordinary Charmer in her firſt Husbands Days. It may be, (quoth the Count

of *Tolouſe*) ſhe is now ſome worn ou
Peice, who is weary with Traverſin
the Streets, and therefore would get yo
to put her off to my Brother for conven
ency. No, by my Faith (reply'd th
Duke of *Maine*) ſhe is a very lovel
Creature, Young, Blith, Bonny, and—
one you would be glad of, with all you
Heart. Having ſpoke theſe Words, he im
mediately ſet Spurs to his Horſe, and ga
lop'd towards aſolitary Wood, where e
tering, he inſtantly leap'd off his Saddl
upon a green Bank, and ſung theſe Word

Whilſt I am cutting and Slaſhing Abroad,
And courting deep Wounds from the fiery God
You cry your concern'd for the Hazards I ru
Yet when I return,
Oh, Oh, how! how little you Burn:
My Wounds you neglect, and my Love you do ſh

The reſt of his companions did t
like, every one complaining of the Cruel
of his Miſtreſs, except the Duke of *Ch*
tres only, who affirm'd that he never y
found any Woman falſe; nor ever w
in Love above four and twenty Hours
all his Life. How vain is this Spark? (r
ply'd the Duke of *Maine*, about to ra
him) This does not at all my Lord, (quo
he) ſuit with your Character; you ſhou
ever find fault with Women, nay tho' th
were never ſo kind: It is Loves Polic
a

nd who ever does not follow it; will never
icced well in his Amours. Women Love
Men that are diſcreet, and to whom, they
an the ſafer confide their Favours. alſo
Lovers ſhould not only be diſcreet, but like-
viſe Secret, otherwiſe they might quickly
Dethrone their little Emperour. O the
rand Love-Politician! (cry'd the Duke of
hartres) He is a Prodigious Proficient in
heſe matters, and no doubt was never de-
eiv'd but in Madam——who could not
ove him becauſe—. Why theſe Ænigma's
ny Lord (reply'd the Duke of *Maine*)
ou are very wanton methinks; and perhaps
ncy you have ſome very eaſy body to
ally with: But have a care Prince, you
nay otherwiſe raiſe a fury that wont
o eaſily be laid. I care not a Fig, (quoth
he Duke of *Chartres*) provided it be from
n Enemy, and particularly him I mean.

Whilſt theſe two Young Princes were
hus Jarring the reſt of the Company pre-
ail'd with them to return to *Paris*, where
he Duke of *Maine* was no ſooner arriv'd, but
e imediately poſted away to St. *Cir*; and
aving found out his Charmer *Camilla* in
ne of the Grotts reading a Romance, he
ccoſted her after this manner. What doſt
hou do here my Heavenly *Hermite*? (quoth
e) can ſolitude ſo well ſuit with thy
vely Temper? I was reading Sir, (reply'd
amilla riſing from her Place) of two of
eſar's Wives, one whereof was *Cornelia*,

whom he valu'd ſo, as to make her funeral
Oration himſelf, and the other one whom
he fancy'd a Coquette; and whom there-
fore he thought fit to baniſh, giving for
reaſon that were ſhe ſo or not, when the
rumour was once ſpread, aſpot would
ſooner appear upon his Cloath than an
others, as alſo that a wife of *Cæſars* muſt
never be ſuſpected tho' guiltleſs. What
(quoth the Duke) could *Cæſar* part
with his Wife without being well aſſur'd
of her Crime? It may be ſhe was Inocent
It may be ſo too, (reply'd *Camilla*) but I find
(continu'd ſhe, with a very engaging Air
that great Men of former Ages, have al
ways had their blindſides as well as ours o
theſe. Do you doubt that, Madam, (re
ply'd the Duke,) Men have ever been Me
ſince their firſt Creation; would you hav
'em exceed their Model: *Adam* was no
perfect you know after his Lapſe. But ſti
(added he) theſe Illuſtrious Heroes of pa
times, never lov'd ſo truely as I do; the
Paſſion was limited, when mine has n
Bounds. Then yours in time will be
Giant Paſſion, (quoth the Lady ſmiling)
you ſuffer it to proceed farther; but ha
a care my Lord, it may elſe come to Sca
the Skies, and receive the like Fate wit
its once Metamorphos'd Brethren; or el
run wandring all over the World, and wa
it ſelf to a Pigmy with its Fatigue. You
Love after this rate will be a Vagabon
an

and Fugitive. Fie! my Lord, you muſt by all means call it Home, and confine it to a decent Standard. What do you rally after this rate, Adorable Beauty, (quoth the Duke) the Perſon whoſe Torments you occaſion? fie! this is not Generous, (contin'd he with one Knee upon the Ground) you may well think one Day to anſwer for all theſe Homicides. Who I, (reply'd *Camilla* briskly) I never yet was the occaſion of any Man's Death. Ah! too Cruel, (added the Duke,) you will infallibly ſoon be of mine; I feel your Eyes already ſunk deep into my Heart. You abuſe your ſelf Prince, (reply'd *Camilla* merrily) I have nothing wherewithal to Wound you. Ah good God! (continu'd he growing Pale,) do not force me to explain my ſelf farther: which Word he had ſcarſe utter'd, before he fell flat in a Swoon at her Feet; who nevertheleſs could not forbear ſmiling a little while at his Amorous Enthuſiaſme. What, is it after this rate Cruel and Pityleſs, (cry'd the Duke, coming a little to himſelf) that you treat your ſincereſt Admirer! Can you ſee me dye thus Proſtrate without remorſe? Ah! Cruelty without Paralell! Muſt I then expire without the leaſt hopes of Comfort? Your coldneſs and indifference will not a whit abate my Paſſion; that but encreaſes ſo fiercely every Day, and I muſt, without your Pity, infallibly Sacrifice my Life, a miſerable Spectacle, to your Incredulity. O

Heavens! (reply'd *Camilla* blushing and Sighing deeply) Embrace me Prince, and do not reproach me of a Crime that perhaps, I am the fartheſt of any of my Sex from being guilty of; but you know Sir, a young Woman of my Condition muſt be Cautious of———. She was going on with her high flown Cordial, to Cure her Love-ſick Duke, who all this while liſtned in moſt attentive manner to his kind Phyſician when Madam *Maintenon* came in all of a ſudden and ſurpriz'd 'em. Who could have thought *Camilla* you had been here (quoth the deſigning Governeſs) the Company you have had, is but too good for ſo Mean a place, tho' ſo Ingenuous a Perſon as my Lord Duke perhaps may however find ſome Charmes in it. Madam, (anſwer'd the Duke, making her a very low Bow) your Ladyſhip is pleaſed to Flatter me agreeably and the Praiſes which proceed from your Mouth are more eſtimable then choieſt Jewels. But thoſe from our fair *Camilla's* Mouth, (quoth the Governeſs) I preſume would be much more acceptable to your Highneſs. The Fair alwaies add a grace to the Words they ſpeak, eſpecially in Lovers Eyes. But I have not that good Fortune Madam, (reply'd the Duke) with this fair Lady: She looks upon me ſure as one of her worſt of Enemies, and treats me with Indifference and Coldneſs accordingly. Perhaps that's but your Fancy my Lord quoth

(quoth Madam *Maintenon*, who had a great deal of good Will towards his Highneſs,) *Camilla* ſure is not ſo indifferent as you may imagine; for on the contrary, I am well aſſur'd, ſhe is more than ordinarily ſenſible of your Highneſſes Merit and good Qualities. Bleſt Saints! (exclaim'd the Duke) How endearing are theſe Expreſſions! Is it then poſſible ſo Divine a Creature ſhould ever be capable of receiving Impreſſions of Love? Do you believe my Lord, (reply'd this Lady) that the fair are any ways incapable of that Paſſion? if you do, you are much deceiv'd, for I can aſſure you they are oftentimes more eaſily wrought upon than the Homely and Deform'd Afford me but a Proof of this, Dear *Camilla*: (reply'd the Duke in a wonderous Extaſie,) your generous Governeſs permits you to hearken to me, and I dare almoſt promiſe, Commands you to do it. This I hope deareſt will be ſome relief to your Fears and Modeſty, and for which I ſhall be eternally oblig'd to Madam *Maintenon*, who takes ſo great notice of my Sufferings. Yes, (reply'd the Intriguing Governeſs;) I do allow *Camilla* to Love your Highneſs, but that with a neceſſary reſtraint, for a Young Lady may eaſily drive her Paſſion ſo far, that ſhe can hardly return without danger of Shipwrack. There is a certain Rock ſhe may meet with in the way, that has baffled many a good Pilot. And what is that

Rock Madam, (quoth the Duke) Perhaps ſtriking there is the greateſt Satisfaction, and ſinking more the Deſire than unskilfulneſs of the Pilot. It may be ſo, (reply'd the Governeſs) but——. Ah Madam, (continu'd the Prince) but how ſhall we do to cool our ſelves of——. Your Paſſion, (quoth Madam *Maintenon* laughing) even Sigh often, and Breath ſtrong, and ſo refreſh your ſelves. Ah but Madam, (reply'd the Prince) would Sighing prevent——, your being blown up by your Paſſion? Yes yes, I warrant, (reply'd the Lady, being unwilling to let his Highneſs explain himſelf any farther upon that Subject.) But Sir pray what News from Court? None Madam that I know of, (reply'd the Duke) except that the Dutcheſs of *Portail* has lately fatted a Young Fellow to diſtil him in a Limbeck, to make yer young again. Are you in earneſt my Lord, (anſwer'd Madam *Maintenon*) Is that old Dauber quite bereft of her Sences? Sure ſhe well deſerves the name of the fair *French* Antiquity. 'Tis certain Madam, (reply'd the Duke) ſhe works at it with the extreameſt Diligence; ſhe loſes no time. Why this Action of hers is Abominable (quoth Madam *Maintenon*, ſhe ought to be complain'd of to our Reverend Fathers the Jeſuits. Alas (continu'd ſhe making a ſign of the Croſs,) for ſo frail a thing as outward Appearance, that Women ſhould be ſo Deviliſh as to damn themſelves

ſelves! Well Madam, (added the Duke,) but ſhe has a greater folly than all this ſtill, if you would give me leave to tell it, which is this; A young Lady who liv'd formerly with her, but now with us, told me, that in Summer time her Footmen were us'd to refreſh her with a great Taffeta Fan as large as a Mizzen Sail, and which ſhe was wont to ſay, was the greateſt Cooler imaginable. no more for pities ſake, (quoth the Governeſs, holding her ſides and ready to burſt with laughing) I believe your Highneſs has invented theſe two Stories on purpoſe to entertain your Miſtreſs, but if they be true I am of Opinion, many a Soberer Body goes every Day to *Bedlam*. Faith Madam, (reply'd the Duke) the young Lady told 'em me very ſeriouſly for Truth, and I am apt to believe they are ſo. This laſt whimſy (cry'd *Camilla*) is at this Day practis'd in the *Indies*, where perhaps this Lady has been in a Dream or a Frenzy. But no more of this hideous Creature pray my Lord, (cry'd the Governeſs) I proteſt the very thoughts of her makes me Sick. Why Madam, (quoth the Duke) your Ladyſhip ask'd me News, and I thought none could be more Diverting. Theſe are ſuch indeed (quoth the Governeſs) as ought to put either in the *Gazette* or the *Poſt-Boy*. Pray let them then my Lord, (cry'd the fair *Camilla* Malicioufly) ſuch Ridiculous Fancies ought to entertain the World at a cheap rate.

Madam,

Madam, (reply'd the Duke,) her Hiſtory would indeed furniſh out an admirable Monthly Account. I believe ſo too, (quoth *Camilla*) and I fancy moreover, that her Company muſt needs be very diverting to her Friends if ſhe has any, For——.

Camilla was proceeding in her Diſcourſe, when News was brought, that her little ſhock-dog was juſt dropt down dead of an Appoplexy. Impoſſible is it to imagine, what ſtifling Grief this Fair young Lady imediately conceiv'd upon this relation; Nay, in the Dukes preſence, who promis'd her one a thouſand times more beautiful. Alas! (exclaim'd ſhe Sighing deeply) *Adonis*, (ſo was her Dog's name) was incomparable. Madam. (quoth the D.) I can eaſily Redreſs your loſs. Impoſſible, (cry'd *Camilla* ſobbing) he was a Dog that excell'd all of his kind. But my Lord (added ſhe) if your Highneſs has any thing like him, let me beg him of you. I promiſe thee deareſt of Charmers, (reply'd the Duke, catching her Hand and Kiſſing it greedily) before Madam *Maintenon*, thou ſhalt have one as beautiful to the full. Hereupon the Duke immediately took leave of the Ladies, deſigning to make a ſmall Theft upon his Dutcheſs without her Knowledg, but which nevertheleſs was very difficult for him to do, ſhe making frequent Reviews of her little Dogs, many of which ſhe lov'd equal with herſelf; notwithſtanding *Polidor* was in

a ſhort time obtain'd by a Stratagem; the Dutcheſs little ſuſpecting her Duke for a Shop-lifter. His Highneſs ſoon after Dinner haſted away to his lov'd *Camilla* with his Prize, who, as ill Luck would have it could not by any means fancy *Polidor* ſo charming as her *Adonis*. Nevertheleſs, thinking her ſelf Oblig'd to accept what his Highneſs had took ſo much pains for, ſhe began to dry up her Tears, and make ſome ſhew of Comfort; whereupon the Prince, believing he had abſolutely reſtored her to her Gaiety, took her up in his Arms and mounted her upon the Table, where he immediately began to renew his Amorous Addreſſes. But *Camilla*, like other Beauties, being a little incredulous, would give no great ear to his Courtſhip. Is it credible (quoth ſhe with a charming Air) that your Highneſs ſhould have ſo great a kindneſs for me as you profeſs? I am not ignorant that great Lords as well as meaner Men, have very often been apt to diſguiſe their Thoughts, the beter to ſuceed in their Intentions. This you ſhould not ſay Madam, (anſwer'd the Duke) without being ſure of it: But nevertheleſs you may be prudently confident that I am none of that number. Granting it ſo my Lord, (reply'd *Camilla*,) you are notwithſtanding one of thoſe who often die in Paper, without ever coming near the *Elyſian* Fields. Do you look upon us Men then

then Madam, (quoth the Duke) as Robbers that ſeize whatever comes in our way. Yes Prince (anſwered *Camilla* pleaſantly) It is requiſite only to be Man, and in Love, to commit any ſort of Robbery. I know a Friend of mine, (continu'd ſhe) that whenever ſhe is left alone with her Lover, preſently crys out Thieves! Thieves! being certain that he comes to ſteal ſomthing. Alas! reply'd the Prince, tis only her Heart he has a deſign upon, and that comonly is ſhut up too cloſe to come eaſily at. I fancy (quoth *Camilla*) the Mad Lover is a very uneaſy part to Act; A Man methinks looks but very Sheepiſh Dying at a Woman Feet, who oftentimes almoſt burſts her ſelf with Laughter at the comical Figure. Would you then moſt cruel! (reply'd the Duke) ridicule a Perſon in ſuch a condition? Of all Human miſeries, none is greater ſure than that of rejected Love, which Inexpreſſible Torment, has only its Grief for its Comfort, and Diſpair for its Encouragement. Well, Heaven be prais'd (quoth *Camilla* interrupting him) your Highneſs is not like to Die of that diſtemper: What would be your Fate if ——. My Fate Madam (reply'd the Duke very diſconſolately) would certainly be very Miſerable if you could not Love me. Me or another my Lord, (quoth *Camilla* rallying) I ſuppoſe 'twould be all one where you Lov'd. No, Charming In-

no-

nocence, (reply'd the Duke) I ſhall never Love any like your ſelf; and all Words are but too wanting to expreſs my ſentiments of your Conqueſt: Yours I am entirely, you are my Sovereign; Sway my Heart at pleaſure, and Providing I can but find the Philoſopher's-Stone to pleaſe you, I ſhall think my ſelf more then ordinarily Happy. This Philoſopher's Stone, My Lord (quoth *Camilla*) is a Chimera, and in my Opinion, the beſt way to find it were to ceaſe looking after it. But this Pretious Stone, (quoth the Duke ſnatching her up in his Arms and Embracing her) this precious Stone, every body Aims at, and would be Maſter of tho' at the greateſt Expence. For my part (added he) I would willingly give all I were worth in the World, to have but a Right to call thee my own. My Lord (quoth ſhe) you would not think me worth your Charge, after you had had me a little while, for I am but a Jilt, Whimſical, and of very ill Principles at beſt. The wors then for you, fair Inconſtancy: (reply'd the Duke) But if there be any means to Convert you, Command Diamonds, Pearls, Gold, whatever you can fancy either in Dream or Thought, and you ſhall have 'em incontinently & what would you more? Cannot this Obtain me the favour to——. Stand off (reply'd *Camilla* with a haughty Tone, repulſing him with ſome earneſtneſs) can your

your Lordſhip think I will be guilty of any ſuch Baſeneſs? No, all the Riches in the World, could never extort but the leaſt Complyance from me. To this the Duke reply'd very reſpectfully, and was not a little diſappointed, to meet with ſo ſurpriſing Qualities, and worthy even of a Queen. After a little farther Tryall he left her to her ſelf, retiring into a Neighbouring Solitude where he intended to make a few Reflections upon her Conduct.

Her Generoſity (begins he) does not at all favour my deſign; theſe Women of nice Honour are the worſt in the World to deal with; Nevertheleſs (continu'd his Highneſs) ſhe was once kind to me, but Alaſs! How little did that happy moment laſt; ſince her Virtue ſoon ſummon'd her Modeſty to her relief, and the Paſſion ſhe before profeſs'd for me, ſoon Vaniſh'd and Ceas'd.

Whilſt the Duke was thus wandering thro' the Forreſt, he unexpectedly met his old Friend the Marqueſs of *Verrille*, who likewiſe came thither upon the ſame account. Theſe two Lords were both in Love, but after a very different manner; whereupon the Duke with Mournfull Tone, began thus with the Marqueſs. I believe my Lord (quoth he) one Wind blew us both hither to Expoſtulate with our Diſcontents. O, (reply'd the Marqueſs) but I preſume nevertheleſs, our caſe is far different, for

where

where *Hymen* forbids your Highneſs any ſtrict Ingagment, Me he baffles, tho' I am willing to liſt under his Standard. Ah! Dear Fellow-Sufferer, (continu'd the Duke) whilſt that I Love a certain Lady, who makes me no reaſonable Returns, be thou Judge of the Extremity of my Grief: my Life is altogether Dependent upon her will, and her Abſence moreover is my Death. I muſt confeſs I am not able to gueſs at the Perſon you ſo Affect, (reply'd the Marqueſs Smiling) but nevertheleſs I would adviſe your Highneſs not to ſet your Heart too much upon her, ſince you are already ſo comfortably diſpos'd of. Ala's! tis not in my power to forbear; Dear Marqueſs, (anſwer'd the Duke) my Paſſion is but too vehement to admit of any Oppoſition; and If you knew this Lovely Creature as well as I do, you would willingly forego all other Ingagements to die at her Feet. The Marqueſs hereupon flung himſelf into the Dukes Embraces, and beg'd of him to know who this Charming Beauty was: Which ſecret, the good natur'd Prince, but too ſoon diſclos'd for l is future quiet, Being afterwards ſenſible, how dangerous it is for a Man to commend his Miſtreſs, even before his Friend.

Camilla, by this time being vigorouſly attack'd by the afforeſaid Marqueſs, who was the Wittieſt and moſt Accompliſh'd her utmoſt Wiſhes could expect, as likewiſe

of

of Noble Birth, ſoon yielded to his engaging Addreſs. The Duke of *Maine* therefore having ſome Reaſon to be Jealous, one day meeting him coming from St. *Cir*, Accoſted him (with a heavy Countenance) after this manner. Marqueſs, you that ſo often have approv'd your ſelf my Friend, are now no more ſo, but a dangerous Rival, as likewiſe the moſt Cruel of all my Enemies. Ah my Lord, (reply'd he catching him by the Hand) ſo far am I from being your Highneſſes Enemy, that I am unavoidably become my own, in not being able to reſiſt the Charms of that Beautiful Creature you Love: I have us'd all endeavours to overcome my Weakneſs, but notwithſtanding, find 'em all fruitleſs and of none effect. Then you Love *Camilla*, (quoth the Duke angrily, and with Contempt) But have a Care Marqueſs, otherwiſe you may be but too ſenſible of your Treachery, For —— what will you then pretend to do Prince, (reply'd the Marqueſs boldly) will you offer to oppoſe me? I Love this Beautiful Charmer beyond any poſſibility of reſiſtance. The ſame do I, (added the Duke with the like furious Air) I Love her in ſpite of my Will to diſingage my ſelf, as likewiſe without Hopes, as I wiſh you do; and this, give me leave to tell you, Sir,— (coming up to him.) Ah Cruel Friend, (continu'd he, putting his Hand to his Sword) I fear this Caſuiſt muſt at

laſt

laſt be the Decider of our difference. When you pleaſe my Lord, (reply'd the Marqueſs) I do not wear a Sword to any better purpoſe than to Defend my ſelf. Then I find (continu'd the Duke) from the very beſt of Friends, we muſt become the greateſt of Enemies, being Rivals; But with all my Heart, ſince it is ſo determind. Here Marqueſs (quoth he) give me your Sword, and take you mine; let us ſee in whoſe Favour Fortune will declare herſelf. Which done, they began to fall to it Pell-mell, when having exchang'd ſeveral paſſes, by chance two Fathers, *la Chaiſe* and *Bourdalou* happen'd to come by, who ſeeing two young Lords Attack each other ſo vigorouſly, immediately interpos'd with their utmoſt diligence, to prevent any farther miſchief, and after Preach'd Peace to 'em, without knowing the leaſt occaſion of their Quarrel. My Lord Duke of *Maine* ſoon Condeſcended to their Mediation, being unwilling to make any farther Noiſe, for fear it might come to his Dutcheſſes Ear; therefore ſuffer'd his Hand to be given to the Marqueſs, by Father *la Chaiſe*, who all this while, knew nothing of the true Cauſe of their Diſpute. Thus being made ſeemingly Friends, the Reverend Fathers conducted 'em to their Cloyſters, with ſo much ſecrecy, that there was not the leaſt Rumour of it got Abroad.

Notwithſtanding this Accommodation, the Duke could not but treaſure up a great deal of Malice for the Marqueſs, who likewiſe bore him no leſs Ill-will; inſomuch that when ever they were like to meet in the Streets, the one endeavour'd to avoid the other with a great deal of earneſtneſs. *Camilla*, you may imagine, was very much puzzled to manage theſe two Lovers equally, eſpecially ſince ſhe had ſo great a kindneſs for the Marqueſs. One Day as the Marqueſs was preſſing her to declare in his Favour, he ſaid, Ah! faireſt *Camilla*, I can but too well perceive how much you prefer the Duke of *Maine* to me; But——He could not go on farther, becauſe ſhe ſuddainly interupted him, asking ſeriouſly why he thought ſo? Why I think ſo? Madam, (anſwer'd he) why I am convinc'd by the kind reception, I obſerve you always give him, even in my Preſence; No doubt you think him more deſerving, for Reaſons beſt known to your ſelf. It is my deſire to make your Fortune, when I am confident the Duke intends nothing but to ruin it. I underſtand you Sir, (reply'd *Camilla* bluſhing) but however what would you have me to do; you ſee Madam *Maintenon* forces me as it were to be Civil to him, he being her Favourite, and beſides he is aſſuredly a Perſon of that Merit, that muſt needs Command every Bodies eſteem. Ah! tis this your eſteem Madam, (cry'd out the

the Marqueſs) that will certainly be the cauſe of my Death. And moreover, how doIknow but that you go ſomething farther? but however it is certain my Love will endure no Competitor. Then you muſt needs have me to your ſelf I find Sir, (reply'd *Camilla* laughing) but nevertheleſs, this is a piece of Vanity, does not at all diſpleaſe in a true Lover to ſuffer noPartner. Then I find Deareſt *Camilla*, (reply'd the Marqueſs in a Love-Fit) you are pleas'd to agree with me in my Aſſertion; But however, prethee tell me, thou Lovelieſt of thy Sex, canſt thou but have the leaſt kindneſs for me. Your Queſtions a little too raſh in my Opinion Sir, (quoth *Camilla* merrily) It is but a little while ſince I have firſt known you, and would you have me Love already? No my Heart is not ſo eaſily wrought upon, (continu'd ſhe) and perhaps may never.

Whilſt they were thus debating the Duke of *Maine* enter'd bluntly the Room; where upon the Marqueſs immediately decamp'd, leaving the Field of Battle to his Highneſs, who like an experienc'd General in Loves Wars, began inſtantly to Muſter all his Troops of Sighs, Complaints and Languiſhings, which he had always about him, and which he immediately drew up at the Incomparable *Camillas* Feet, where he began his Harangue thus. Will you never, cruelleſt of your Sex, put and

end to my Grief? I ſuffer more on your Account then the very damn'd in Hell, (pardon the Simile for where a Perſon is Skrew'd up to my Pitch of Jealouſy, the very worſt of terms ſuit his Condition beſt) and yet you will have no Compaſſion. Yes (quoth *Camilla*) when my Heart can aſſure me, you have gaind any conſiderable conqueſt, for theſe terms of Damn'd, Miſerable, Wretched and a Slave, ſavour more of a Romance than Reality. But Madam, (reply'd the Duke) for the moſt part your Sex are not to be wrought upon unleſs a Man give himſelf to the Devill for ſecurity. Good! you are pleas'd to rally I find My Lord: (quoth *Camilla*,) But does your Highneſs ſeriouly believe that we Woman dont know when we are truly belov'd, when nothing is ſo eaſy to diſcover by a Mans Actions? I cant tell that Incomparable Charmer, (reply'd the Duke, darting her a favourable Look) But I know you have not yet been pleas'd to discover mine. I am ſure (continu'd he ſighing) tis no ſmall time ſince my Honour, Liberty, and Heart have been in your Fetters, and yet you would never think fit to take any notice of 'em. Have I had the poſſeſſion of 'em ſo long then? (anſwer'd *Camilla* Merrily) I thought they had a great while ſince been Baniſh'd *Paris*, for Fugitives and Vagabonds. *Paris* has never had greater Poſſeſſion of me re-

(reply'd the Duke) than now, and particularly St. *Cir*, were you now are, and where you may likewiſe find my Grief, engraven in laſting Characters. Where abouts pray my Lord? (quoth *Camilla* Laughing) for my part I can ſee no ſuch Hieroglyphicks. Here on this very Spot, bright Angel, (reply'd the Duke) here you may inſtantly ſee me bury'd, and this is what I would have carv'd on my Tomb. *Here Lies the moſt Unfortunate of Lovers, who expir'd at the Feet of the Cruel, and*——— ſure my Lord there was never ſuch an Epitaph as this before; (added *Camilla* Interrupting him) and beſides wrapt up in ſuch Terms, and to have theſe effects: *Expir'd at the Feet of the Cruel*, &c. Ha! Ha! (continu'd ſhe laughing) why, did your Lordſhip ever hear of any one that really dy'd for Love? Certainly if there were any ſuch, he ought to be extreamly priz'd, being the only *Phœnix* of his kind that ever was: Why if this were ſo, another muſt Conſequently ariſe out of his Aſhes; and to beſure then every Woman would immediately put in to be his Miſtreſs. Faith Madam, (reply'd the Duke pleaſantly) he would then have enough to do to Content 'em. How did your Ladyſhip ſay, All Women? Alas Poor *Phœnix*! he would be well employ'd ſure to hover his Wings over ſo many Beauties: For my part I ſhould think one or two ſufficient to keep a Man conſider-

ſiderably in play. Take then two for your ſhare, (reply'd *Camilla* ſmiling) and moreover chooſe her you like. How! may I take any notice of your Words, Madam, (continu'd the Duke ſinging, as follows.)

Youthful Iris *Swore to Love me;*
But why did youthful Iris *Swear?*
Not that ſhe meant e're to approve me,
But ſhew how Fickle Women are.

And Men I dare aſſure your Highneſs, (reply'd *Camilla*) are yet more Fickle, for they change with the Wind and Sail with the Tide. A Feaver, Green ſickneſs, Small-Pox, or ſome leſſer Evil, makes them quit their Miſtreſſes Incontinently, and if you but ask 'em the Reaſon of their ſo ſuddain alteration, they'll tell you, that if ſhe could but have continu'd her Charms, they would never have vary'd their Love, ſo that we find Gentlemen, how extreamly our Sex is ob'ig'd to you, to forſake us at the very firſt Approach of a Misfortune: This makes me of Opinion, that you are more in Love with your ſelves than us, and that we are not a little unwiſe, when we have any thing to do with you. Why Madam, (reply'd the Duke) if all Women were of your Mind, Love would be altogether idle, ſuch a cold and wild Conſtitution would frighten

frighten him, and he would be forc'd to return to *Spain* or *Italy*, from whence he came. Is Love then a *Spaniard* or *Italian*, Sir, (quoth *Camilla*, feigning Ignorance.) Yes Madam, (reply'd the Prince) he had his Birth, and is always beſt ſupply'd in hot Countries.

But have a care (Exclaim'd he) I am almoſt gon already. What a Dart have you juſt now ſhot into my Heart! Your Imagination wounded you only, (reply'd *Camilla* Laughing) And you may be term'd *Embevecido*, that is, *drunk with Love*, for your Highneſses Paſſion is wrought ſo very High, that I can't fancy you any ways in your Witts, and therefore, this *Spaniſh* Word may very properly be apply'd to your Condition. Call me what you Pleaſe Madam, (reply'd the Duke) and beſtow upon me whatever Qualities you fancy; I ſhall never take it amiſs, providing you'll have but the leaſt kindneſs for me: Call me *Jack*, *Tom*, what you think fit, or *Snubbee*, as our late Chancellour did his Miſtreſs; it will be all one, on the foregoing Conditions. Theſe familiar Terms pleaſe infinitely in Love. The King our *Auguſt* Monarch, would never permit his Miſtris *La Valiere*, to pay any diſtant Reſpect to him, nay he would have her always call him, *my Life*, *my Love*, *my Joy*, and by other ſuch-like endearing Expreſſions: But nevertheleſs, I cannot promiſe my ſelf

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ſo great favour, and perhaps muſt deſpair at laſt, of your ever Loving me as long as I live. Will you then Deſpair ſo ſuddenly Prince? (reply'd ſhe with a tender Air) Matters do not move ſo much ſure to your Diſencouragement, and particularly——what then (cry'd out the Duke, tranſported) moſt Adorable Creature, will't thou then give me but the leaſt glimpſe of farther Hopes? What welcom News to my Loveſick Soul! Permit me a little to em brace thee, as an Acknowledgment of the Pleaſure, I have conceiv'd upon this extraordinary Juncture. *Camilla*, who was naturaliy good humour'd, could not refuſe his Highneſs, ſome ſmall favours, which yet did not in the leaſt entrench upon her Honour, but which, nevertheleſs a little grated her Modeſty, for tho' the Duke was extreamly civill, yet ſhe could not but Bluſh often in his Arms, which might very well have enflam'd his Highneſs to ſome farther Attempt, had not the ſuperiour of St. *Cir*, ſent one of her Ladies to ſee what *Camilla* was doing.

This Siſter *Hyppolita* reported to Madam *Maintenon*, that *Camilla* was engag'd at hawty tawty with the Duke of *Maine*, and moreover, that ſhe obſerv'd her Cloaths were a little rumpled. How (quoth Madam *Maintenon*, in an angry Tone) will ſhe then ſuffer herſelf to be rumpled by that Prince? Does the Wind blow in that

Quar-

Quarter! I'll ſoon teach her how to behave herſelf, and as ſpeedily ſhow His Highneſs the way home. The Prince, believing *Hyppolita* would give no favourable account of his Conduct, thought fit to endeavour to prevent her Malice, and therefore met Madam *Maintenon* as ſhe was coming towards 'em. Madam (quoth he) I queſtion not but you have been told wonderfull Matters; but, I'll aſſure your Ladyſhip, there is little or no Truth in 'em: I know very well Siſter *Hyppolita*'s Malice, who loves to make more of a thing a Thouſand times than it is. She told me indeed Sir, anſwerd the Governeſs ſmiling) that you had towz'd *Camilla* about to ſome purpoſe: You muſt needs know of what Conſequence, this may be in my Houſe, tho' at bottom, I dont think there can be any great harm in ſuch Waggerys, providing that——you underſtand me. I do Madam, (reply'd the Duke laughing) but I'll Aſſure you there has been no ſuch thing intended here. Your baſely miſtruſted however My Lord, (anſwerd the Governeſs) for our good Siſter *Hyppolita* told me quite another ſtory. It may be ſo, (quoth the Duke) But can you think Madan (continu'd his Highneſs) that this good Siſter would not ſuffer herſelf to be rumpled ſometimes as well as another? No certainly; (reply'd Madam *Maintenon*) for the Nuns of St. *Lewis* renounce the Plea-

Pleaſures of Love by their Vows. Good, (reply'd the Duke of *Maine* laughing) but don't your Superiourſhip know the Fleſh may ſomtimes contradict the Spirit? For my part I can't believe the Siſters of St. *Lewis*, are ſo very Inſenſible as you would make 'em, and for example I have obſerv'd Siſter *Angel* ſend her Eys abroad a Piqueering, thro' the Grates, more than once. That's but your groundleſs fancy my Lord, (quoth Madam *Maintenon*) ſhe is the moſt devout of us all; that poor Girl implores our Holy Patron Night and Day, to fortify her mind againſt Carnal Thoughts, which might elſe interrupt her Devotion. The Duke of *Maine* was going to reply, when the King came in, which made his Highneſs, ſoon think of an Eſcape from his Majeſtys ſight, who he knew, would preſently ask him what he did there, and if his Ducheſs at home was not ſufficient company to entertain him. Madam *Maintenon* being always a Friend to the Prince, immeditely caus'd *Camilla* to Vaniſh likewiſe, and continu'd only with her Monarch herſelf. The Duke returning home, was immediately ask'd coldly by his Wife, whence he came, and where he had been. I have been walking Madam (reply'd he) in *Vincennes* Grove where I met abundance of Company, this fair Day. Was your Miſtreſs there too Sir? (quoth the Dutcheſs ſmiling) I have been told you were ſeen pretty near her not long

long ſince. My Miſtreſs! who is that I pray Madam, (reply'd the Duke) for I find you know more of her than I do. Is it poſſible then you can forget (contiu'd the Dutcheſs) her whom you are ſo often with, Mademoiſelle *de* ———, of whoſe Charms you boaſt ſo inordinately; can ſhe be ſo indifferent to you as you pretend? No matter, (reply'd the Duke, with an angry tone, and regardleſs mein) have I not told you I would have you trouble me no more upon that Subject, and yet you preſume? Pray meddle with your own Affairs and leave me to mine; I don't pry into your duct, Do I? He had no ſooner ſaid theſe Words, but he immediately flung out of the Room, leaving his moſt unhappy Dutcheſs in the greateſt deſpair in the World.

This Princeſs paſſed her time, you may imagine, but very uneaſily, and when ſhe was alone, ſhe did nothing but weep and complain of her wretched Fate. Next Day ſhe went to wait on her Father the Prince of *Conde*, to whom ſhe related part of her Misfortune, but he advs'd her like a wiſe Prince, to make no great noiſe about the Matter, and perhaps her Lord might be reclaim'd. But nevertheleſs, we ſee he is not like to be ſo, nor perhaps ever will for any continuance.

At length the Dutcheſs perceiving ſhe could gain nothing upon her Husband by Reproaching him for his Amours, gave him his full ſwing to do as he pleas'd, where-

upon

upon his Highneſs became more and more indifferent for *Camilla* every Day; which this fair Creature perceiving, immediately reſolv'd to marry the Marqueſs *Verveille.* My Lord Duke was ſo far from oppoſing it, that the Marqueſs being his intimate Friend, he thought fit to join their Hands which was the Cauſe even of Tranſport to his Dutcheſs, who by theſe means thought her ſelf deliver'd from all future diſtruſt. But alas! this Humour of the Dukes laſted but very little; for ſeeing his *Quondam* Miſtreſs about to be married to another, he immediately found in her a Thouſand times more Charmes than before, inſomuch that his Love being but as it were ſuſpended for a while, came on with the greater force, and would certainly have overſet his Brain, had not the Marchioneſs granted what ſhe ſo vigorouſly before refus'd. All this while his Dutcheſs was calm; nevertheleſs, ſome few Years after, ſhe ſufficiently reveng'd her ſelf by engaging in a ſtrict league with the Count of—— with whom ſhe afterwards ſpent many agreeable Moments, and at laſt became wholly inſenſible of her Spouſes Cruelty.

Thus have I reveng'd my wrongs, (ſaid ſhe one Day to her Confident.) The Duke of *Maine* takes but little care of me, and at preſent I have as little regard to him: Nevertheleſs, (added ſhe moreover) he has meerly forc'd me upon what I would otherwiſe

wiſe never have attempted. Do you Repent then Madam, (reply'd her Friend?) No deareſt, (anſwer'd the Dutcheſs) for the Count is a thouſand degrees before him; and over and above that, he is more conſtant, his Tongue likewiſe is better hung, and conſequently more Charms to be found in his Converſation. Ay, but Madam, (quoth the Confident) it is but a little while ſince the Count has lov'd you; all Perſons are agreeable at firſt, and perhaps when he has worn your Chains longer, he may be as Rebellious as your Duke. Men are diſguſted by little and little, and we likewiſe often looſe much of the delight that Charm'd us at firſt. Time will ſhew that, (reply'd the Dutcheſs) but if ever any ſuch thing ſhould happen again ſure I ſhould Mortally hate that Sex for ever after, nay, I believe ſhould never care to come in their Company. again, It is the fate of all Women Madam, (anſwer'd the Confident) that love in a hot Country to——. You underſtand me. Very well (reply'd the Dutcheſs ſmiling.) And what was wanting in me (continu'd her Friend) to preſerve the Heart of that faithleſs Man your Highneſs knows of? Did not the treacherous Villain ſoon forſake me after——? Ay, Villain indeed, (reply'd the Dutcheſs) and it may be my Spark will think to ſerve me the ſame trick; But if he does, I'll Chain him ſo faſt to the Oar, that perchance he may

may leave a Limb behind him before he gets free. Oh Madam, (quoth the Confident) All Men in general are Rebells, meer Ramblers, and it is moſt impoſſible to fix 'em. They continually revolt and eſcape us often inſenſibly, and there's no way to make 'em conſtant, but by a Power of varying our out-ſides continually, like a *Camælion*, for one face ſeldom long engages the ſame Heart. Well; (quoth the Dutcheſs laughing) But I have thought of a better way, without effecting Impoſſibilities, and that, is by letting 'em feaſt upon our Eyes, without having any thing to do with our Bodies. Nothing will Plague 'em more then this Abſtinence, and we may be belov'd and ador'd as long as we pleaſe; we muſt allow 'em an eaſiy Acceſs to our Hearts, and that will make 'em go forward with the greater Encouragement, and Shame to return without effecting their enterprize, will undoubtedly keep 'em from going back.

TheſeLadies thus entertain'd each other, till a certain Viſit interrupted their Converſation. But let us return to the Duke of *Maine*, who by this time perceiv'd his Dutcheſs with Child,and which occaſion'd him ſo much Joy, that his Highneſs immediately quitted all his Amours, and kept altogether to his own, who was overjoy'd to perceive it, and with which, the King likewiſe was no leſs ſatisfy'd, and tis hop'd more-

moreover that the Prince of *Dombe* now Born, may be a means for the future, that they may live happily together. I could have reckon'd up many more Paſſages relating to this Princes Life and Converſation; but for ſeveral Reaſons, have thought fit to reſerve 'em to another Opportunity, when I promiſe to oblige the Publick more at large: Till then, Adieu.

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